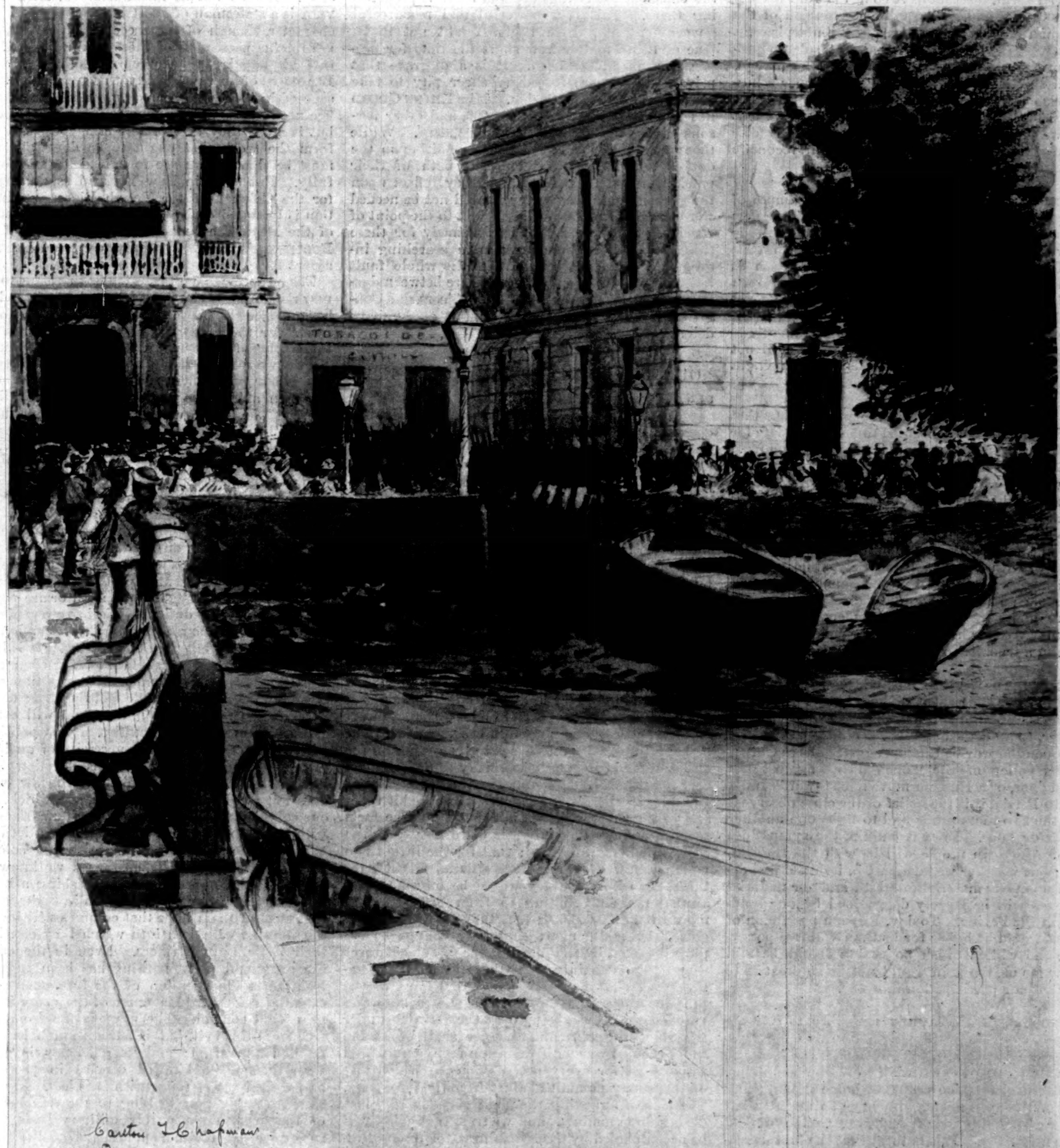
THE WELCOME TO THE BATTLE-SHIPS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLII.—No. 2176.
Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1898.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



House of Captain of the Port. Landing-place. Custom-house and Alcaldia, Headquarters of General Miles.

THE OCCUPATION OF PONCE.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with General Miles's Forces.—[See Page 863.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

New York City, September 3, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

The Amateur Sport Department will be resumed before the end of the year, probably on the return of Mr. Caspar Whitney *from the Hawaiian Islands, where he has gone on a mission for* Harper's Weekly. *In the mean time he is preparing his promised papers on the present condition of Sport in France, Germany, and England, and also a series of articles, entitled "The Jungle-Hunter," in which he will give the results of his shooting-trips in Siam, Malaya, and Sumatra.*

The descriptions that have come to us of the ceremonies attending the taking possession of the Hawaiian Islands by this country are not pleasant reading. There was a silent, almost solemn protest on the part of the natives against the change, which shows that we are ruling there over a hostile people, who look upon us not only as interlopers, but as plunderers of their land. The best that we can hope for is that time and the character of the government we establish there will reconcile the natives to our rule.

We are already beginning to get a glimpse of the questions that may arise by reason of our new possessions in the West Indies. Canada wants to know whether she can ship fish to Puerto Rico and Cuba free, and has suggested a trade with us of the inshore fishery rights in Canada in return for free fish in the Antilles. We have not yet heard from Gloucester on this subject, and when we do we will learn that there are still some trade questions, owing to our tariff law, which will not help along our growing friendship with Great Britain.

It is very good news for the whole State that Mr. Roosevelt has consented to be a candidate for Governor, even if his nomination shall come from the hands of Platt. What Mr. Quigg said to him, and what he said to Mr. Quigg in reply, when the latter made his pilgrimage to Oyster Bay to see the Colonel of the Rough Riders, we do not know, of course, but we are perfectly sure that Mr. Roosevelt did not in any way compromise himself with Quigg or with Platt. He is a Republican and a politician, and he is also a gentleman and a man of honor; and if he should be elected Governor, we are quite sure that no independent or Democrat who may vote for him will be disappointed by finding him a truckler to the boss or to his machine.

Whether or not England and Russia are to come to blows over China it is difficult to say. It seems now as though the two nations are doomed, sooner or later, to an armed conflict. Whether the cause of the coming war be Russian aggressions in China, or the policy of the "open door" against the closed door, or a Russian movement towards India or into Persia, it is the belief of the close observers that the two races are bound to fight one another sooner or later. In that conflict the sympathies of the American people will be with the Englishmen; but whether we take part in it or not will depend upon our material interests, and our material interests will be largely determined by our holdings in the Pacific. To-day, Russian possession of China would be better for us than Chinese possession, and while British possession would be still better for us, the gain would not be so great as to warrant our participation in a war.

Undoubtedly it is only necessary to call the attention of the good people of this country to General Young's plea for the regulars at Montauk Point to remedy the wrong of which he complains. It is natural that the people at home should think first of the volunteers, who have so recently left them. They are their friends, their relatives, and their neighbors. It is natural that the first delicacies should go to the sick volunteers at Montauk, but it will be disgraceful if the regulars there continue to be neglected. We are sure that this neglect will not continue, now that the attention of the charitable and patriotic is called to the fact that the sick and wounded men who did most of the fighting, who won our victory for us, and upon whom we must depend in every war, are actually suffering for lack of ordinary comforts and delicacies. That these men, who are suffering in silence and in obedience, should still be living on hardtack and bacon, some of that being mouldy, is the fault of the government; but if the government thus neglects its brave citizens we are sure that the people will not, and that those who have carried food and comforts to the volunteers will see to it that the regulars no longer lack.

We sincerely trust that the President and Mr. Alger will succeed in finding out who is responsible for the conditions prevailing at Montauk Point. Judging from newspaper reports, they are not only disgraceful, but criminal. Sick soldiers are brought to Camp Wikoff only to find a lack of hospital accommodations, and insufficient and incompetent surgeons. Not only that, but sometimes the sick go for many hours, sometimes for more than a day, without necessary nourishment. Sick and dying men, it is said, are lying upon the floor for lack of cots. The milk which is necessary for their sustenance sours because there are no refrigerators. The water at Camp Wikoff is insufficient in quantity and bad in quality, and the consequence is that typhoid fever is progressing there. This is a powerful and resourceful government, and these things ought not to be true of it, no matter how short the time for preparation may have been. It is a disgrace that private citizens are forced by sheer pity to take care of the government's sick. Miss Helen Gould has generously contributed $25,000, and other persons have given according to their means. While these contributions reflect great credit upon the donors, and indicate the sincerity both of their patriotism and their humanity, they reflect upon the government, because they would not be needed were the government not inefficient to the point of cruelty. There must first be a remedy for these things, and then there must be a searching inquiry. We do not believe that the whole fault lies with the doctors; but somewhere between doctors, quartermasters, commanding officers, and Congress rests the responsibility, and it ought to be determined.

OUR GOVERNMENT AND COLONIES.

There are few and not altogether satisfactory signs that the politicians realize that our changed conditions have created new duties and responsibilities for the government. It has, indeed, dawned upon some minds among them that the campaign at Santiago betrayed a sickening degree of incapacity in the staff corps of the army; that while the fighting arm of the service has won renown, the campaign beyond that has brought us little credit. It has occurred to some, too, that we shall now need a much larger army and a much larger navy than we have hitherto possessed; that we must have means for defending our distant possessions, and to keep in order our subject peoples, who do not yet take kindly to our rule. Beyond these crude and obvious suggestions the minds of our politicians do not travel.

We have already under our control Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Hawaii. We may eventually take the Philippines. It is not certain that we shall, but it is likely, unless public opinion becomes wiser than it seems to be. No one has yet given a reason for taking these islands that is worthy of the slightest consideration. All the talk that we have heard of our duty to the distant savages who inhabit them and to the world at large is vaporing. The facts remain that, commercially, they are not worth the cost of their maintenance; that for the little trade which a few of our private citizens might gain there, the whole country would be forced to pay annual taxes amounting to from $20,000,000 to more than $100,000,000; that they will not be colonized by white men; that they cannot be exploited except by the forced labor of subject races—and this is mainly true of all our new possessions; that most of the islands and most of the millions of savages of the Philippines know no rule but their own, being only theoretically under the rule of Spain; and that we shall be at the same time at war with them for many years, and responsible for every act of violence which any of them may commit against friendly foreigners. The idea of annexing the Philippines is folly bordering upon madness, and we trust that delay will be accompanied by thoughtfulness, for thoughtfulness, we are sure, will prevent the consummation of a folly which, besides the other evils it will bring upon us, will make us a probable participant in the barbarous war threatened in Asia for the alleged expansion of civilization—meaning what all the colonization of our day means, the expansion of trade and commerce, an expansion which, it is true, does often mean the spreading abroad of civilization and order, justice and religion, but which has only been directly wholesome when not forced upon unwilling peoples by bloody wars.

The Philippines aside, the country has assumed new duties and responsibilities which will severely tax our system of government, and our politicians are showing no adequate conception of the magnitude or character of the momentous change. It is easily and airily said that we Americans will rise to the occasion, and will be found adequate to the new tasks which we have assumed. But it is forgotten that "we Americans" do not control our government, and we have shown little sign of any intention to take the first step toward rising to our responsibilities. Only in New York can the war be said to have affected politics, and here it is likely that a popular hero, who happens also to be an honest politician, will be forced upon the Republican machine as a candidate for Governor. But it is not because of any of the statesmanlike qualities which he possesses that Theodore Roosevelt is likely to be made Governor; it is because he is a picturesque and brave figure at the head of a picturesque and brave regiment, made up of kindred spirits from all ranks, conditions, and races of our country's society. Let us not be misunderstood, Mr. Roosevelt is a statesman of great intelligence and high character, though of some eccentricities; but it is not for the possession of these admirable qualities that his popularity is sweeping both Platt and Black out of his way! And if this government is to succeed in its new tasks, men must be chosen to office not because they happen to be popular heroes, but because they are capable and willing to perform the work that ought to be done, and that must be done if we are to rule colonies successfully. But even in New York, in this rising up for the Colonel of the Rough Riders, no intention is betrayed of depriving Platt of the control of the Republican machine; the purpose of Mr. Roosevelt's friends is simply to compel Platt to accept their candidate as his own.

The very first step to be taken in rising to our new responsibilities is to rid ourselves of the boss. This democracy is to become responsible to the world for the management of distant lands that touch some of the sorest spots in European frontiers. While we may permit the boss to stand between us and our government so long as we manage only our own affairs, we ought not to permit him to exercise our power when we must accept the responsibility for all that he does in our colonies and in our relations with foreign governments. When we see the beginnings of a general revolt against this irresponsible and uncrowned king, we shall believe that the day has come when the people are beginning to rise to their responsibilities.

It is, however, the government and not the people who must carry on the work and perform the task. And what signs have been given by the men who make up the essential part of the government—Congress—that they are prepared or are preparing for their new duties? We have a crude and dangerous monetary system. Its discussion has been suspended, but the evil remains. It is likely to trouble us in our new relations with commercial powers. It is likely to come up at any time when large numbers of the people feel the stress of hard times, and then our colonial system will complicate and enhance our difficulties. Is any politician, with power, talking of the necessity of an immediate definite settlement of this question? We have a barbarous and foolish tariff law which does not yield sufficient revenue, and which, with our colonies, already threatens our new friendship with Great Britain. No politician has noticed this. We have no system for administering colonies. No member of Congress, so far as we know, has suggested the necessity of establishing a permanent colonial service. The reason is, undoubtedly, that most of them hope that colonies will increase the number of places into which they can inject their heelers and strikers. Even in the case of the army and navy, nothing has been suggested looking to the adoption of the fundamental and essential reforms. The curse of the army is Congressional control. The navy is far from being free from this evil, but it suffers much less from it than the army; and its efficiency is greater than that of its kindred service in proportion as political interference with it is less. We have seen no suggestion looking to the establishment of the army on a purely military basis, to the surrender by civilian politicians of the powers which they have exercised to the detriment of the service, and even to the killing of brave soldiers. On the contrary, in the midst of war, when patriotism called upon these politicians to surrender powers for the exercise of which they are unfit, and to legislate for the good of both army and navy, Congress refused, and neglected to perform its obvious duty.

In the face of contemporary political conditions none but hopeful and thoughtless babblers can content themselves with saying that we Americans will rise to our responsibilities and perform our new tasks to the satisfaction of the world. We do not perform our present tasks; and while the failure of the government to act has not been an unmixed evil, since inaction has helped to leave the individual unhampered, this cannot be true when we find ourselves the governors of other peoples. Then we must have a government that will act firmly, promptly, and certainly. We must have an executive independent in all its branches of Congressional meddling. We must have not only a sufficient army and navy, but an army and navy under the command of soldiers and sailors. When the country begins to recognize the extent of its task, and the character of the changes that must take place; when it learns that another breed of men than those who now compose Congress must be sent to Washington, and that the executive power must advance while the legislative power retires—then we may expect to find the democracy able to govern colonies. That the day will come at some time in the future we sincerely believe, but it is not here, nor is it near; and it is the duty of men who know and who write to prepare the country for its work, not to flatter it into the belief that, with its present politics and politicians, it is already so well prepared for it that it may safely assume the government of all the colonies offered to it.

"THE NEW CHIVALRY."

That is a very happy expression in which Mr. Labouchere characterizes and praises the conduct of the war on the part of the United States. He explains what he means by "the new chivalry" as "manly, honest, generous, and chivalrous conduct." But "chivalry" is an element incapable of further reduction. What is "new" in American chivalry is its combination with the most practical and businesslike habits of mind. These seem to cursory observers to exclude it, and when it is found in connection with them and is not based upon illusion at all, the surprise of such observers leads them to call it "new."

To be terrible in war and generous after victory is not a modern ideal. It long antedates the age of chivalry. It was the motto of the Roman people, as expressed in one of the most famous lines of their greatest poet,

> Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

But it is gratifying to find that Europe recognizes it in the most energetically industrial of modern nations. Most gratifying of all is it to have it recognized by those whom we have beaten and then spared. Such a recognition has come to us in a fuller measure than it ever came from vanquished to victors before in the history of the world. The published letter in which Admiral Cervera has given formal expression to what he had often expressed in conversation, in which he bears testimony to the "royal" treatment which he and his officers and men have received from their captors, and says that he can take home "nothing but the kindest remembrances of such a people," is a trophy, so to say, worth preserving in the national archives. Another prisoner, a commander in the Spanish navy, supplements his admiral's statement with one upon his own account, saying that the victorious country has never in any way made him and his companions "feel as conquered prisoners. Although our enemy in war," he says, "in personal relations the American people do not know what hate is." More extraordinary and less precedented still is the message sent through General Shafter "to the American army," in which "Pedro Lopez de Castillo, private of infantry," on behalf of "11,000 Spanish soldiers," thanks the conquerors for their humanity and courtesy, and wishes them "all happiness and health in this land which will no longer belong to our dear Spain."

These are tributes such as no nation has ever received before from an enemy at the first bitterness of defeat. They do us great honor. But we ought not to forget that they are "equally honorable to both parties." We do not doubt that American naval officers in the position of the Spanish naval officers would rise to the same magnanimity, and not permit the sting of defeat to prevent them from bearing testimony to the magnanimity of the conquerors. They might do as well; they could not do better. But how many American privates of infantry would make it a point of self-respect to bear public testimony to the virtue of their conquerors? "We would not be fulfilling our duty as well-born men, in whose breasts there live gratitude and courtesy," begins Private Pedro Lopez de Castillo, "should we embark for our beloved Spain without sending to you our most cordial and sincere good wishes and farewell." Decidedly Cervantes did not "smile Spain's chivalry away," as Byron untruly declared. It may not be "new," but there is still real substance in it.

But the Jingoes and the blatherskites have no part in the achievements which have raised the American name. The American magnanimity which is acclaimed by Spanish magnanimity is not theirs. While the prostrate victim is applauding his conqueror, they are maturing schemes for ransacking his pockets. The question whether we shall retain the respect of mankind will depend upon the use we make of our victory. If we use it clearly and indisputably in the interest of civilization, keeping the solemn pledge we made at the outset of the war that it was not to be a war of aggrandizement or conquest, we shall not only retain, we shall increase the admiration our conduct of the war has won. If, in violation of our pledges, we use it to loot Spain of her possessions, whether we really want them or not, the admiration of the world will be turned to a just contempt.

OUR GAINS IN THE WORLD'S COMMERCE.

Recent returns have proved the immense advance of the export trade of the United States, and these are now supplemented by facts giving an international comparison, extending over a considerable period, and revealing our present position and perspective among the industrial powers of the world. The Swedish government recently issued a series of carefully prepared statistical tables covering the production and commerce of the world during five-year periods, beginning with 1871–5. Mr. Constable, the British consul at Stockholm, made a thorough examination of these tables, and reported the result to the British government, and a copy of the report has been received by the Bureau of Statistics at Washington. It deals chiefly with the production and growth of trade in iron, coal, cotton, and wheat; the comparative expansion of railways; the output of the world's gold and silver mines, and the total commerce of the leading nations. In this great array of figures the showing made by the United States is highly gratifying, and may be justly held to warrant in the near future an increase in the number of great staples in which we now hold the first place in production and commerce.

Taking the United States, Great Britain, France, and Germany as the chief pig-iron-producing countries, our progress is shown by the different averages of annual production. For example, in 1871–5 the average annual production of pig-iron in France was 1,265,000 tons, and in 1891–5 this had increased to 2,006,000 tons; Germany's production in 1871–5 was 1,946,000 tons, and in 1891–5 it was 5,082,000; Great Britain had increased from 6,562,000 tons in 1871–5 to 7,361,000 tons in 1891–5; while the annual production of the United States increased from 2,284,000 tons in 1871–5 to 8,263,000 tons in 1891–5, an increase of from 16.1 per cent. to 30.9 per cent. in our proportional share of the world's production. During the same period Great Britain's proportional share decreased from 40.3 to 27.5 per cent. In iron ore the comparison is equally decisive in our favor, Great Britain's production having decreased from 16,087,000 tons in 1871–5 to 12,249,000 tons in 1891–5, while the production of this country increased from 4,532,000 tons in 1871–5 to 14,288,000 tons in 1891–5.

In coal Great Britain is still first, her average annual output exceeding ours by nearly 24,000,000 tons; but here again the rate of increase is in our favor. Great Britain's annual output in 1871–5 was 126,972,000 tons, against 184,819,000 tons in 1891–5, while the output of the United States has increased from 45,283,000 tons in 1871–5 to 160,832,000 tons in 1891–5. Great Britain's annual output in 1871–5 was 47 per cent. of the world's total coal production, but now it is only 34 per cent., while our advance during the same period has been from 17 to nearly 30 per cent. of the world's annual production.

In the production of raw cotton our primacy is so preponderant as not to need any illustration, but in the consumption of this staple we have been running a well-contested race with Great Britain, especially since 1870. In this case the figures go back to 1830–40, since when Great Britain's average annual consumption has increased from 1,590,000 tons to 7,091,000 tons in 1891–4, while during the same period our increase has been from 376,000 to 5,522,000 tons per annum. Since 1870 Great Britain's annual consumption has increased by a fourth, while ours has doubled. We are by far the greatest grower of raw cotton, and stand next to Great Britain as a manufacturer of cotton goods.

A comparison of production in the different wheat-growing countries shows that the United States produce nearly one-fifth, the British colonies more than one-eighth, and Germany less than one-twentieth of the total wheat of the world.

In gold and silver the comparison is made between the United States, Germany, and the British colonies and dependencies. At present the United States produce 22 per cent. of the world's gold and 35 per cent. of its silver; while the United States together with the British colonies and dependencies produce more than one-half the world's annual output of gold, and nearly one-half the world's annual output of silver.

In discussing the growth of railways, the report notes the progress made by Great Britain, Germany, Russia, France, and the United States. Between 1870 and 1895 the length of railway lines in Great Britain and Ireland has increased by 9000 kilometres, in Russia by nearly 24,500 kilometres, in Germany by 27,624 kilometres, and in France by 22,486 kilometres, while in this country the increase is over 207,000 kilometres, which is nearly eight times the increase in Germany, and twenty-three times that in Great Britain and Ireland.

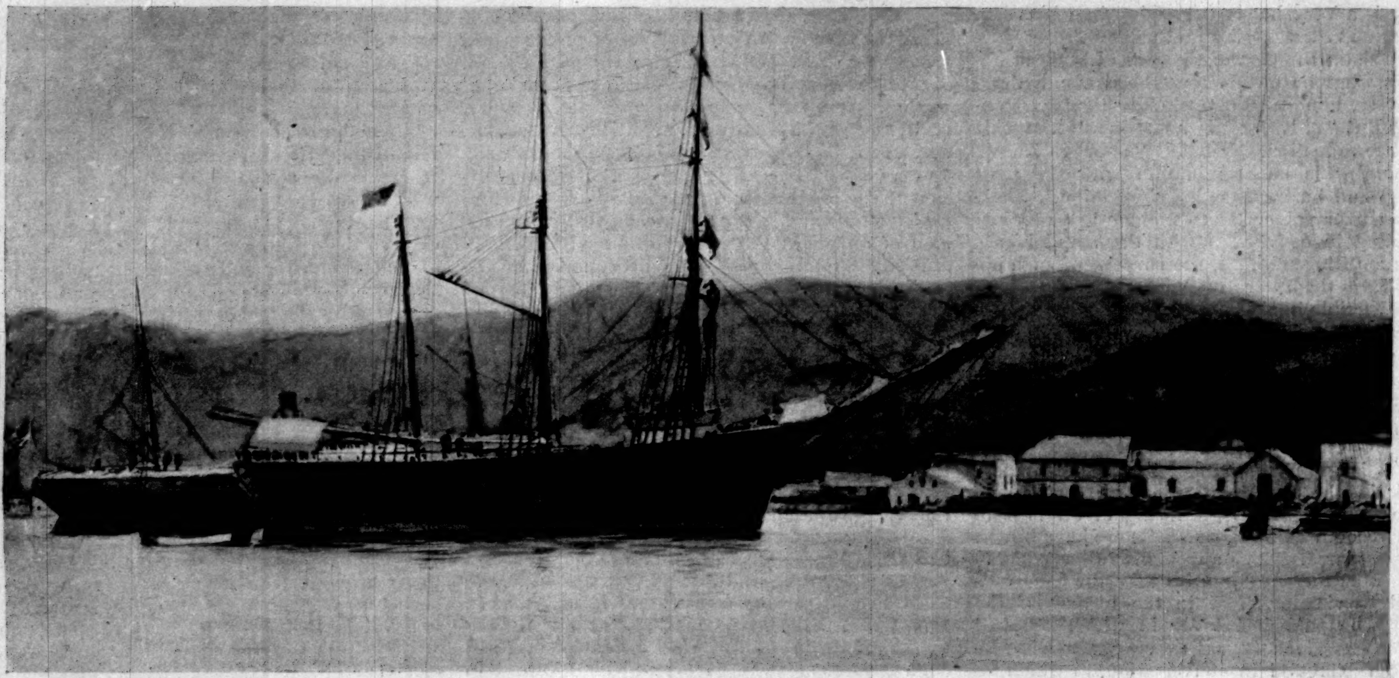
Of the world's commerce, Great Britain and Ireland's annual average increased from £573,888,888 in 1881–5 to £589,166,166 in 1891–5; Germany's commerce increased from an annual average of £306,611,111 to £352,777,777 within the same period; while the increase of the United States was from £302,333,333 to £347,333,333. Consul Constable has the following comment on these figures: "Thus during this period Great Britain's trade has increased by slightly more than 2½ per cent., that of Germany and the United States each by 15 per cent., while the trade of France has steadily declined. The volume of trade has, it need scarcely be said, increased to a much greater degree than is indicated by these figures, but, owing to the almost universal fall in the prices of commodities, the increase in the value of exports and imports has been less than might have been expected." The facts above set forth will prove to be a surprise, we venture to say, even to those who were prepared for a revelation of manufacturing and commercial strength; but their deep significance lies in the promise of greater things to come, and the further advance of a world-wide trade which needs no annexation of territory, but only a free commercial policy, and the enterprise and skill of our manufacturers and merchants, to secure the primacy it is destined to attain.

RED CROSS AND RED TAPE.

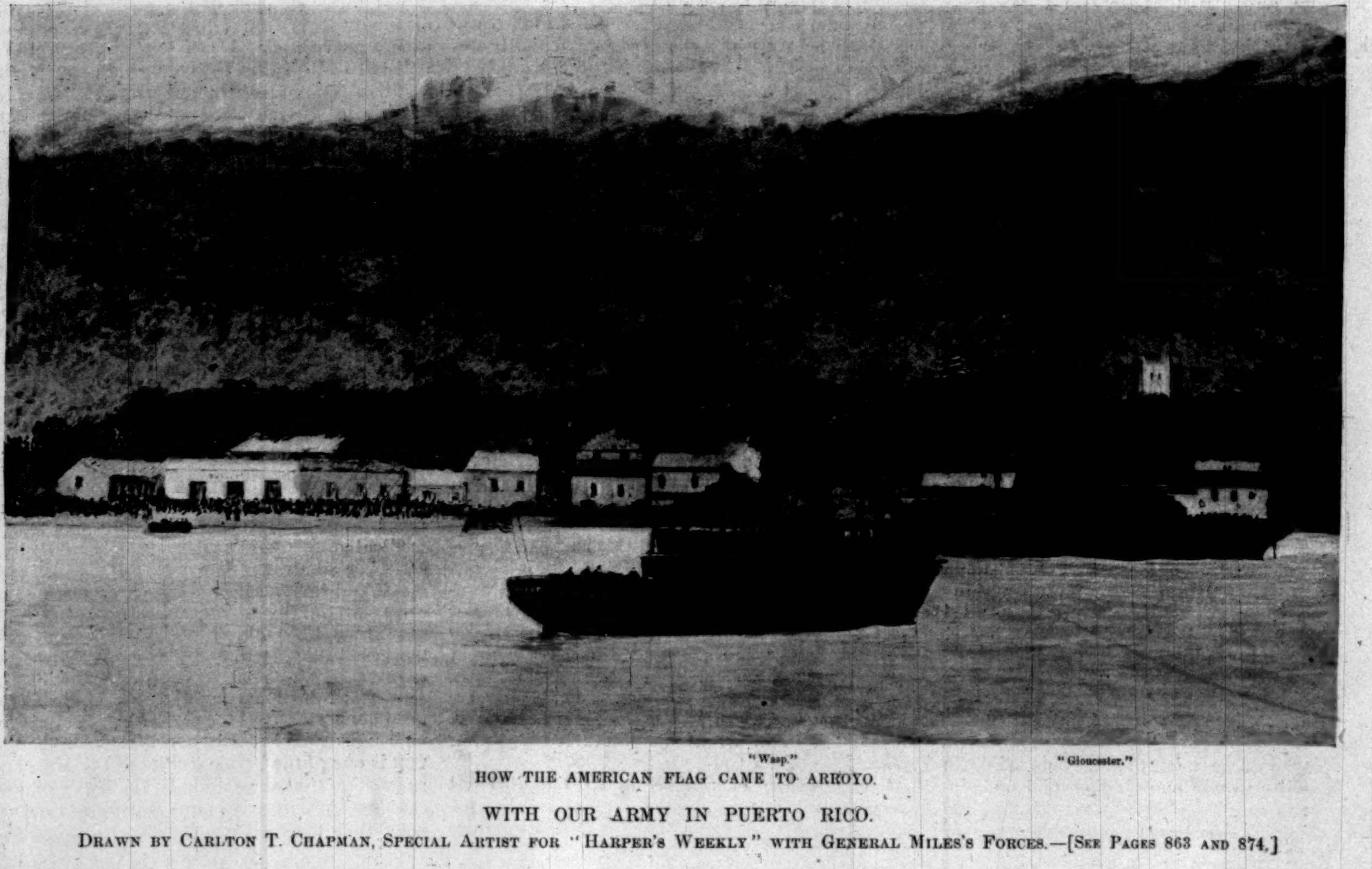
There has been a good deal of apparent friction between the Red Cross and the medical authorities of the army, but we are inclined to think that it has been more apparent than real. We know that many of the best surgeons of the army have accepted the Red Cross aid and relief, not only willingly, but gladly, and we have read testimonials written from the front by regular surgeons to the efficiency of Miss Barton and her aids. A good deal of trouble has been caused by the red-tape system prevailing in the army, but this system is not to be charged to the medical department, although it is responsible for much, or to any executive department. It comes from the disposition of Congress to interfere in every administrative function of the government. The result of this interference is that not a dollar can be expended, and not a bit of the property of the government used, without following certain minute directions contained in statutes, except at the personal risk of the man primarily responsible. An instance of the petty character of Congressional interference in administrative functions is furnished by a story, which we have recently heard, of an officer who hired a tug in an emergency for the purpose of hauling into the stream a ship that was on fire, and which threatened some very valuable government stores upon the wharf, which were in his charge. This was illegal—that is, unstatutory—on the part of the officer, who, under the law, should have advertised for bids for hauling out the vessel. The consequences to him were very unfortunate. He paid the captain of the tug out of his own pocket, and a grateful country—meaning Congress—did not appropriate the money to repay him until two years had gone by. The medical department is hampered and tied up, as all other administrative departments are, by Congressional acts, such as that which made this officer smart for his diligence. The Red Cross has encountered this kind of entanglement, and we trust that its officers and aids know where the responsibility lies. As to the Red Cross itself, and Miss Barton in particular, most noble work has been done, great self-sacrifices have been made, and enormous good has been accomplished. Miss Barton is one of the heroic figures of this war, and the suggestion that she should be the first woman ever thanked by Congress is one worthy of serious consideration.

Warehouses.
Main Street.
Tobacco Warehouse.
House of Captain of the Port.
Custom-house.

PONCE, FROM THE HARBOR.



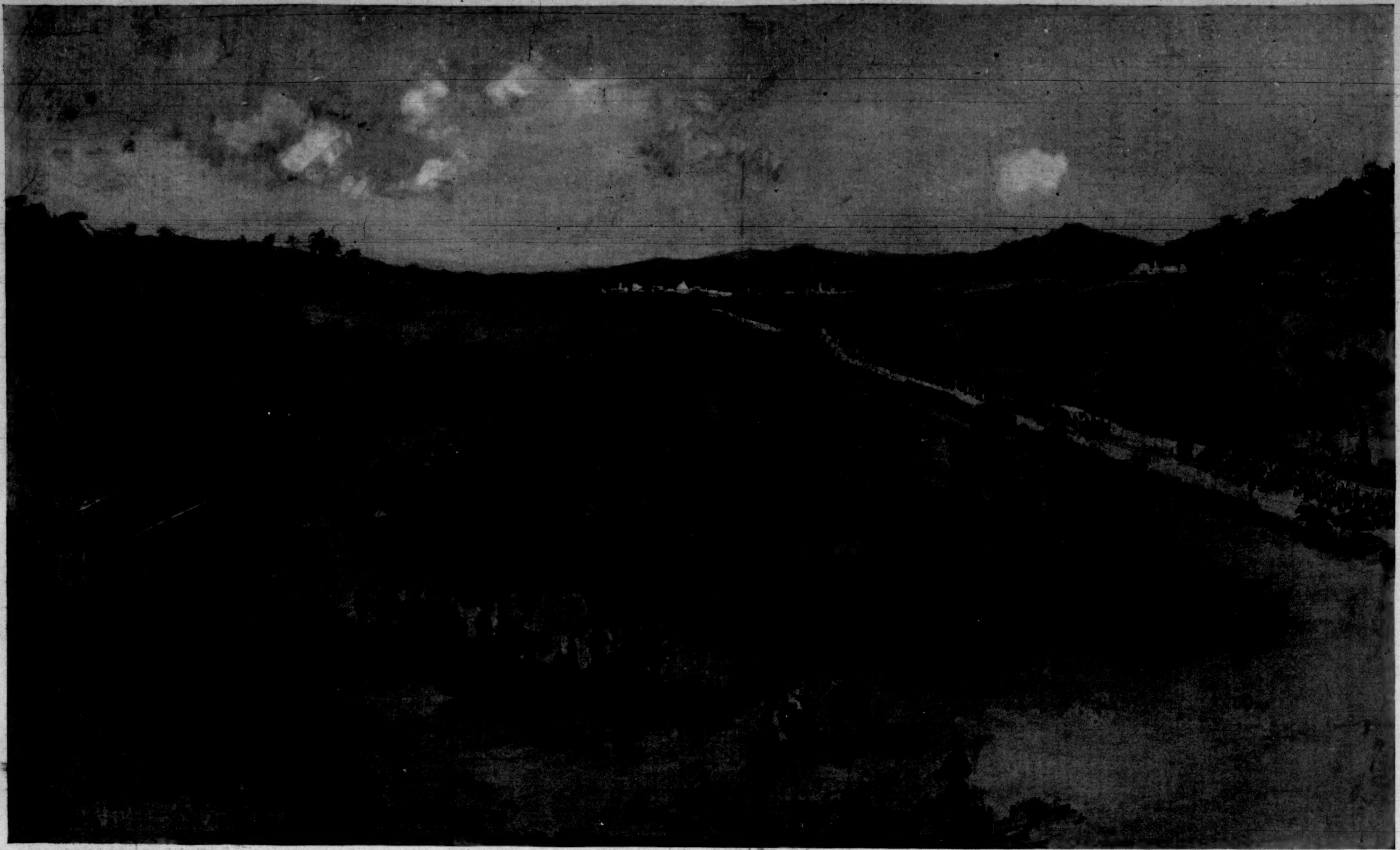
IN THE HARBOR OF PONCE.


"Wasp."
"Gloucester."

HOW THE AMERICAN FLAG CAME TO ARROYO.

WITH OUR ARMY IN PUERTO RICO.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL MILES'S FORCES.—[SEE PAGES 863 AND 874.]


Dynamite Guns.
General Harris and Staff.
4th Ohio Volunteers.

THE ADVANCE ON GUAYAMA, PUERTO RICO.

From a Sketch by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with General Miles's Forces, made on the Morning of Friday, August 5, 1898.

THIS BUSY WORLD

There is an interesting significance in a newspaper despatch, dated August 17, which says that Chicago's National Business League, in making new plans for a peace jubilee late in October, has resolved to put the thing through if possible, and to use every effort to secure the presence of the President, Admiral Dewey, and Colonel Roosevelt and his Rough Riders. There is not any doubt that for spectacular uses the usefulest battle-scarred hero we have, next to Dewey, is Roosevelt. Perhaps it ought not to be so, but so it is. The National Business League of Chicago has merely recognized an existing fact.

The little sail-boat race in Canada between the representatives of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club of New York and the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club of Canada has proved a large enough teapot to hold a very disagreeable tempest. We have all read how the Canadian club entered a craft modelled like a catamaran, which surprised and displeased the American contestants, who felt, rightfully enough, that while the rules of the race did not expressly prohibit catamarans, common-sense and sound sportsmanship did prohibit them. Nevertheless, the American boat sailed against the Canadian freak and was beaten. But, under instructions received by telegraph from the Seawanhaka-Corinthian committee, Mr. Gibson, the club's official representative, declined to receive public hospitalities after the race, absented himself from the hop given in honor of the visitors by the Canadians, and went home in a state of ostentatious displeasure.

Hence we have a very sickly and grewsome international episode. The Canadians are angry, and say they will send the cup to New York and let it stay there, which is the expression of a natural feeling. The best opinion on our side of the river seems to be that our men might with propriety have declined to race the little catamaran, but, so long as they did race, they should have taken all the consequences, including a full round of Canadian hospitalities, and kept their experiences for future use. Squabbles over international yacht-races have so deeply disgusted and irritated the American people that they have no toleration for even a little one.

Our most important imports this last month seem to have been malarial and typhoid fevers brought back from Santiago, and it is small consolation to know that they have been offset by large exportations of typhoid germs from our camps to Puerto Rico, and by a very large increase in domestic production of the same germs for home consumption. All over the country there has been more anxiety about the health of soldiers since the war stopped than there was at any time during its continuance. It is a small family circle that has not got a sick soldier member on its hands, or in a hospital somewhere, or that is not very uneasy at the prospect of soon having one. We hear so much of fever cases and sick men that it seems as if the majority of our soldiers must be ailing. It isn't so bad as that. A large majority of them are still fit for service, and many of those even who were at Santiago are all right. A recent visitor to Montauk Point was impressed with the superior condition of the regular troops he saw there as compared with the volunteers—a condition ascribed to the superior ability of the regulars to take care of themselves in Cuban camps, and their willingness to go without food, if necessary, rather than imperil the constancy of their insides by indulgences in tropical fruits.

A conspicuous example of a Santiago veteran who keeps his legs is Colonel Roosevelt. He continues, to all appearances, as "disgracefully well" as when he landed, and if he has any mutinous germs in him he keeps them in subjection. The desire that he shall run for Governor appears at present to be widespread and irrepressible, and is based not only on the opinion that he could easily be elected, but that he would make a first-rate Governor. Cautious persons might object to Colonel Roosevelt as a candidate for President on the ground that he might want to annex Europe, whip Germany, build a bigger fleet than England has, keep a bigger standing army than the Czar's, and set up a wholesale administration business to regulate the affairs of the world. But as Governor of New York the colonel's scope would be limited, and though he might annex Nantucket and fortify the Erie Canal, most of his energies would be bent on promoting good civil government, killing bad laws, and appointing fit men to office. All that he could do to increase the efficiency of the standing army of the State would be well done, and he could not do too much.

The suggestion of nominating Captain William Astor Chanler for Governor or Lieutenant-Governor on the Democratic ticket to run against Colonel Roosevelt is interesting, though the basis of it is hardly visible enough as yet to entitle it to very grave consideration. Captain Chanler is a patriot of energy and ability, and a cordial supporter of Mr. Croker. He has not only a war record, but an interesting record as an explorer of the wilds of Africa. He is a good writer, a soldier commended for gallantry, and an agreeable gentleman. Nevertheless, an administrative office in New York State seems hardly suited as yet to Captain Chanler. Somewhere beyond the venue of the ten commandments—in some big outlying island of the Philippines perhaps—a man of his audacious enterprise might find a fitter field.

The makers of geographies ought to find a profit in the present nebulous condition of Uncle Sam's boundaries. The newspapers reported on August 18 that the New Hebrides had had a big earthquake, and that the island of Ambrym had been severely shaken, and covered seven inches deep with rain, and two with ashes from the volcano Lopevi. A few months ago we would have borne this news without a flutter; but coming when it did, it sent folks to the map to find out where on earth the New Hebrides might be, and whether Admiral Dewey captured them along with the rest of creation on the 1st of May. For years to come, apparently, when news comes by way of San Francisco of earthquakes, we shall wonder whether it was our volcano that got loose, and how big a bill Uncle Sam will have to pay in damages.

August 19 was pay-day at Camp Black, and the newspapers report that in the course of the evening the soldiers cleaned out all the camp canteens and also most of the saloons in the village of Hempstead. This was an effectual way to deal with the saloon evil, but it may be doubted if it was really so efficacious for the promotion of temperance as the course followed in the Seventh Army Corps at Camp Cuba Libre, near Jacksonville, Florida, where all company commanders have been instructed to recommend for discharge, on surgeon's certificate of disability, all cases of chronic alcoholism in their companies. The intention of this circular is to discourage whiskey-drinking. Alcoholism is rated as a disease not incurred in the line of duty, and a surgeon's certificate of discharge on that account would be of no value as a basis for a pension claim, and of no great use in proving the returning soldier's title to the esteem and gratitude of his home community.

Every-day the newspapers have reports of disorder created and damage done by obstreperous or drunken volunteers. Bar-room brawls are common. There are, of course, many ne'er-do-wells and some criminals in our armies. In time the incorrigibles would be weeded out, and those amenable to correction would be improved by discipline. Meanwhile the ructions that our troops are responsible for are probably not more numerous or serious than we ought to expect. It is interesting and somewhat consoling to read that our British brethren have at Halifax a regiment of new Irish recruits which seems to be more disorderly than any of ours. During the week ending August 20 twenty-eight of its members were sentenced to imprisonment, and responsible men are so scarce among the rest of the rank and file that it has been necessary to send back to England for experienced sergeants to keep the men in order.

Word comes from Boston that Mayor Quincy and Water-Commissioner Murphy have established free ice-water fountains at various centres of their town, and have thereby incurred the protests of the neighboring saloon-keepers, hotel proprietors, soda-water venders, and dealers in soft drinks. The Mayor should have the doctors on his side. Free ice-water must make for the health of a city in hot weather. Certainly scarcely any drink that one can buy is a wholesomer hot-weather beverage than cold water, provided the water is good. In some cases interference with trade is a secondary consideration, and this would seem to be one of them.

On August 20, at Old Orchard, Maine, Parson Simpson of the Christian Alliance Convention made his annual call for funds for the spread of the gospel in heathen lands. It is stated that he took in about $55,000. Not so much by $10,000 as last year, not so much by $45,000 as in 1896, but still a large sum to raise at a missionary mass-meeting. The reports of Dr. Simpson's effort are not so full this year as formerly. The newspapers have still a great deal of ground to cover—Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, Spain, and Europe generally in a greater degree than of old, and all the great camps besides. That makes so lively a competition for space that only very important speeches, great disasters, and murders of exceptional interest can get in. Interesting murders, however, have abounded. Both the Grand Hotel murder and the candy-poisoning case have had enough mystery about them to give them intellectual interest.

The appointment of First-Lieutenant, Albert L. Mills, of the First United States Cavalry, to be superintendent of the Academy at West Point is so striking a departure from precedent that it has caused extreme surprise. The superintendent at West Point has usually been an officer of the engineer corps, and usually of a rank not lower than colonel, so that the appointment of a lieutenant of cavalry to that place is upsetting to preconceived notions of military propriety. Lieutenant Mills was chief of staff for General Young at Santiago, with the rank of captain, and greatly distinguished himself at the storming of San Juan heights, where he was severely wounded in the head and lost an eye. The appointment is understood to have been given him by the President as a reward for gallantry and good conduct. It is interesting to find the appointment especially commended by Major-General Wheeler in a message from Montauk Point to the Secretary of War. In evidence of Lieutenant Mills's special qualifications for the place, it is stated that he has served as instructor at the Military Academy and had charge last year of the department of strategy and tactics in the cavalry and infantry school at Fort Leavenworth. He was appointed to West Point from New York in 1874, and is stated to be nearly forty-five years old. A competent officer who has been twenty-four years in the army ought to be something more than a first lieutenant, and it is doubtless no fault of Lieutenant Mills's that he did not get his captaincy, at least, years ago. Whether it is expedient that the Military Academy should be put in charge of a lieutenant, however deserving, is a matter that will doubtless be as fully discussed beforehand as though the merits of the question were not in the way of being settled by experience.

It may not be too late yet to take note of the death of Isaac Hill Bromley, journalist, who died at Norwich, Connecticut, on August 11. He was born at Norwich in 1833, and was a member for two years of the somewhat famous class of '53 in Yale College. The record of his life is a record of many changes and shifts from various newspaper labors to various elective or appointive offices, under the government and otherwise. He studied law in Connecticut, was admitted to the bar in 1854, was clerk of the Connecticut Legislature for several years, and in 1858 established the Norwich *Bulletin*. He went to the war, and after the war to the Connecticut Legislature. Between 1868 and 1872 he edited the Hartford *Post*. After that he was connected for a time with the New York *Sun*, then (as editorial-writer) with the New York *Tribune*, and later edited the New York *Commercial Advertiser* for a short time before becoming a government director of the Union Pacific Railroad. In 1884 he took charge for a time of the Rochester *Post-Express*, and in October, 1891, after six years of service as secretary to the president of the Union Pacific Railroad, he rejoined the staff of the *Tribune*, and continued to be an editorial-writer for that paper until a few months ago. He was a writer of unusual facility, and was particularly well known and valued for the quality of his humor. His gifts as an amusing and effective speaker were also very much appreciated, especially among the sons of Yale.

One of the most curious survivals which are open to inspection in this country is the continuance of croquet in Norwich, Connecticut. Croquet, as adult readers will remember, began during the civil war, reached its climax in the early seventies, and faded away as a fashionable pastime before lawn-tennis. Since then tennis has been dethroned by golf; but as it still maintains a hold upon the interest of some young and vigorous persons, so croquet has never absolutely died, but is still played by children, and in retired places by a few conservative grown-ups. There are still tennis tournaments in various places every year, though public interest in them is far from being what it was, but, so far as known, there is only one annual croquet tournament in this country—the one which is held every August in Norwich. Every year some of the newspapers report the Norwich croquet matches, and give the names and scores of the players, and tell where they come from. They are brought in, it seems, from Norwich and neighboring Connecticut towns, with sporadic recruits from Washington, Philadelphia, New Brunswick, Trenton, Cleveland, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, and other respectable places. It would seem that in the interest of science these curious matches ought to be more carefully observed and more fully reported than they are. We would like fuller information about the contestants and their appearance and habits, and how they came to be so. Also, whether they seem to be a dying race, and what prospect there is for the continuance of these weird encounters. The managers of our great natural-history museums will have reason to be mortified if they shall discover some day that they have allowed the race of adult croquet-players to become extinct without securing specimens for their collections.

Another strange band, the philatelists, had their annual conventions in New York, beginning August 23. There is no sign of decadence among the stamp-collectors. Their industry has its vicissitudes, like all others, and it is reported to have felt of late some ill effects from the war; but it is firmly established, with thousands of traders back of it, and only falls off to rise again, like the tides. Four distinct stamp-collecting societies have held conventions in New York within a fortnight. The most important of them is the American Philatelic Association, with 700 members. Any one who has ever been a collector can imagine how the stamp-collectors have gossiped about the concerns of their fad. Special subjects of interest were the effect of annexation on the price of old Hawaiian stamps, and the effects of the war upon the colonial stamps of Spain. It is stated that naval officers in time of peace (and Admiral Dewey among others) are especially interested in stamp-collecting.

There is a serious time ahead for American sculptors and all persons interested in American art, and especially for five well-known and worthy gentlemen who have agreed to be members of the Lafayette Monument Commission. The object of this commission is to set up in Paris a monument to Lafayette by an American sculptor. Commissioner-General Ferdinand W. Peck, of the Paris Exposition, seems to be the moving spirit in the matter, and the members of the commission who have agreed to serve have sent their acceptances to him. There may be nine of them; at last accounts (August 20) there were five: John W. Mackay, Senator Allison of Iowa, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Frank Thompson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Alexander H. Revell, of Chicago. Certainly this is a competent quintette, and equal to a great variety of undertakings. The Chicago despatch which records their acceptance as commissioners says that the plan of action is to send letters to a lot of American sculptors, asking them to submit designs, and then to have the commission select the best design and prepare an inscription for the monument. It does not say that the plan is to have the monument done in time for the exposition, but that seems to be the intention. Undoubtedly designs can be obtained, a selection made, the work of construction "rushed," and a monument be furnished in time for the exposition; but whether it will be such a monument as the authorities of Paris will allow to be exhibited permanently in their town remains to be seen. In so far as present information goes, the prospect is not particularly favorable.

President Baldwin of the Long Island Railroad seems to have won a fair rating as a war hero by his enormous and successful efforts to connect Montauk Point at short notice with civilization. An admiring correspondent of the *Sun*, who seems to have had personal cognizance of Mr. Baldwin's achievements, says that he had only six days' notice of the government's selection of Montauk as a camp-ground, and in that time contrived marvels of preparation. There was very little at Montauk when the American eagle determined to perch there, and the choice was made in the midst of the Long Island Railroad's busy season. A week later there were freight-houses, sheds, and many miles of new-laid track, as well as a considerable collection of rolling stock hired in to meet the emergency. There has since been a vast deal of complaint about the backwardness of the government work at Montauk, and the inadequacy of the hospitals, and the scarcity of proper food, and all such matters; but, so far as the present paragrapher has noticed, there has been little or no reasonable complaint about the inability of the Long Island Railroad to handle its business. Judging from the absence of indications to the contrary, President Baldwin must have hustled to good purpose.

Persons who are disposed to consider that exercise and physical development are the things most needful to make life worth while must have been pained and perhaps disconcerted to read of the unusually bad condition of affairs in the family of James Corbett, the prize-fighter. After Patrick Corbett, the fighter's father, had killed his wife and then himself, a son, John, was released from State prison to attend the funeral of his parents. Misfortunes may pile up on the worthiest of families, but, on the whole, the inference seems justified that the identification of the Corbetts with the manly art of knocking out has not proved a source of moral strength.

E. S. Martin.

THE OCCUPATION OF PONCE.

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

Ponce, Puerto Rico, U.S.A., *August 1, 1898.*

The harbor of Ponce is simply an open roadstead, in which occasional vessels anchor to load with molasses, sugar, rum, or tobacco. A flat beach fringed with mangoes, that grow in dense, tangled, impenetrable masses, forms a kind of natural breakwater to the eastward, and stops, in a measure, the force of the heavy ground-swell and the eternal trade-wind.

Time has made few changes in the methods of doing business here; ships anchor for one month or six, and their cargoes are leisurely floated to and from the shore in lighters with flat bottoms and slanting ends—unwieldy things that are managed, however, with great skill by the native boatmen.

Along the flat beach the town stretches and spreads back into the country. One-story warehouses, substantially built, and painted in tints of pink, yellow, or pale blue, front the principal streets, filled with bales and bags of rice, sugar, tobacco, and flour; for a considerable business is done in this the port of entry for the handsome city of Ponce, which is back in the country, at the foot of gently sloping hills, and reached from the Playa by a broad level road, shaded by trees, and flanked by fertile fields, sugar factories, handsome houses set back from the road mid flowers and palms, or tumble-down wooden shanties—all sorts in the two-mile drive.

The house of the captain of the port is a two-and-a-half-story wooden affair, with signal pole and yards on top. Balconies and awnings give it an air of comfort. In front is a wooden pier, where boats can land with ease when there is no surf, and with difficulty when it runs high; a flying leap well done and you gain the platform, while the boat backs off for another chance or bangs against the pier. Across a narrow street is the custom-house, mayor's house, post-office, and headquarters of the civil government of the Playa del Ponce—a handsome two-story plastered building, with an open court running through the centre.

In front is a great mango-tree, whose dense foliage spreads over a little iron fountain, where horses are watered, and men loaf from morning till night, while the sun beats down on the white walls and hot gravelled square.

In front of the custom-house a dock has been recently built, covered with an open iron shed. Another shed adjoins to the right of the custom-house, and both these shelters came in very handily for the vast stores that followed the army ashore from the ships of the quartermaster's department.

When we first saw Ponce, shining in the early morning sunlight, the United States flag was flying from the staff on top of the custom-house and office of the captain of the port. The transports were getting in as close to the land as possible, and navy launches were towing lighters full of soldiers ashore. By ten o'clock General Miles had landed and made his headquarters in the custom-house, and the blue and gold headquarters flag flashed its colors beside the stars and stripes, each held and guarded by a husky soldier sitting on the roof of the old Spanish building.

On the wooden shutters of one of the windows was scrawled in pencil, dated the day previous, a touching farewell to the dear walls of the old Aduana, where so many happy days he had passed. I spelled it out slowly, and smiled at the expense of "Don José," whom the sight of Yankee ships on the horizon had compelled to take so hasty a departure.

Perhaps, however, he may have his place back in time; but he will not have so much leisure to smoke cigarettes and lounge over the balcony through the sleepy days, while the empty harbor sparkles in the sunlight. For a new order of things has come to Ponce. The busy life of the North has already touched with its magic this sleeping El Dorado. Wake it must to the new condition; touched with new life, inspirited by new energy, and strengthened by more just and equitable laws, its prosperity is assured. All that the boundless wealth of nature has so liberally given will be added too, until this fertile island and kindly people will form one of the richest and most valuable possessions of the greater United States.

On Monday, the 25th of July, the *Columbia*, carrying 300 men composing the first battalion of the Sixth Illinois Regiment, the *Wasp*, *Gloucester*, and *Dixie*, convoying a part of the troops of General Miles, consisting of the Sixth Massachusetts and Third Wisconsin volunteers, Eleventh regular infantry, and one battalion of engineers, had arrived at Guanica, on the southwest end of Puerto Rico.

Ever since the bombardment of San Juan by Admiral Sampson's fleet, on the 12th of May, preparations had been made for the reception of the American navy and army in case of a second attack. Fortifications had been strengthened, rifle-pits and batteries erected, and a warm greeting planned for *los Americanos* in case they came back. Misleading telegrams had been given to the press and sent from Guantanamo and Mole St. Nicholas by General Miles, stating that the American army of invasion would land at one of two places on the north coast of Puerto Rico. Cape San Juan was selected as one, and several ships were sent there in charge of a naval convoy to make a feint of landing. This was done with intention of deceiving the enemy, and succeeded admirably, for preparations were made in exactly the wrong place to meet the Americans, and Guanica, the first place really selected, was taken by surprise, and, undefended, offered no resistance to the landing.

The transports with the naval convoy arrived off Guanica early in the morning, and the *Gloucester*, ahead, felt her way slowly in, while the fleet remained outside. The little town was silent, but a Spanish flag flew on a tall staff near the shore; after firing a few shots the *Gloucester* sent in a landing party of about twenty men under Lieutenant Huse. They carried a Colt automatic gun with them, and when Lieutenant Huse ordered the Spanish flag hauled down and the stars and stripes hoisted, they were fired upon by a force of about eighty Spaniards secreted behind houses and corners of the streets. The fire was promptly returned. The Colt automatic was turned up the streets, and the *Gloucester* firing from her 6-pounders over and into and around the town, the place was soon completely deserted. None of our men was injured, but four Spanish soldiers were found dead, and probably a number of wounded were carried off.

The harbor of Guanica is landlocked and deep, so all the ships could come close in, and the work of landing the soldiers began at once, and by night the place was in full possession of our troops. Pickets were posted, and to many of them the enemy's country possessed many terrors that dark night. The gloomy hills and black masses of trees held hidden menace for untried men fresh from the crowded life of a transport. Firing began on the picket-line about midnight, and kept up at intervals during the night, keeping General Miles, out on the *Yale*, on the anxious-seat as to what it was all about. Morning proved that the cause of all the alarm was a group of cattle moving about in the gloom, and surviving with greatest indifference the fire of the pickets. The *Lampasas* had on board the battalion of engineers, and having practised at Guantanamo the art of building a pontoon bridge successfully at night, they were able to construct one very quickly. The ship was pulled in close to the beach, and a pontoon was built from her to the land; so by 11.30 at night men and horses were all ashore. Their camp fires lighted up beach and town and reflected on the dark transports in the harbor; the sound of arms and tread of marching men adding to the warlike scene.

On Tuesday word was brought to Ponce that the Americanos had come, and the volunteers, in their striped blue and white pajama suits with green trimmings, were summoned in hot haste to meet the invader. A more unwilling lot were never gathered together. They had no desire to fight for Spain or to risk their blood and bones in any sort of an encounter with the Americanos. Just the thing most of them wanted was to have the United States come and deliver them from paying 75-per-cent. taxes and wearing the blue and white pajama at the Queen's bidding.

In spite of the fact that the gracious Regent had built for them a fine barracks and a new military hospital on the hill above Ponce, where they could go if they were wounded (and could get there) in serving their country of Spain—I have the story from one of them who survived a desperate march to Yauco, and drove a hack two days afterward at double rates for his deliverers with unabated vivacity,—loud were the wails and great the consternation in Ponce, Playa and city, at the summons. The regulars would stay with the civil guard to defend the city, but forth the voluntarios must go to defend their country.

Some managed to hide and evade the summons, but most were caught and marched down the dusty road to Yauco. The railroad runs that far, and passes so near the sea that a man could jump from track to water. They did not use the train, however, but tramped, tramped like soldiers. No food, for they would soon put the Yankees to flight, and no water to drink *en route*, so their enthusiasm was dry when they arrived.

"We will hold the beach," said the comandante, "and they cannot land. Mine the track and blow them up if they dare to come by the cars, so convenient." So to work they turned and dug mines, a dozen or so, under the track. These they filled with powder, and laid a fuse twenty feet long to ignite them when the enemy should dare to arrive.

Over the land, seven miles or so away, was the Yankee fleet. They could see them plainly; dozens of ships they looked, and big they seemed against the western sun, greater than anything that had ever come to Ponce. Were they deceived? Had the Americanos so many ships and soldiers to spare from Cuba? But night was coming, and they were not yet arrived. Now there were those in Ponce who reflected that food and water and a little wine would do the volunteers some good, and carriages were got, and out came friends and food and drink and fresh courage; fires were lighted and supper prepared and eaten—and then what? Would it not be wise to withdraw till morning, and let these invaders go to work out their own ruin? It would indeed; but some must stay to fire the mines, at twenty feet, to blow them into the sea! So back the brave command went to join the regulars in Ponce, while those left to guard the mines and set them off thought better of their valor and fled back to the city, with tales of brave deeds. Many in the night march dropped out of line, preferring to let others do the fighting, that they might fight another day. So goes the story of the volunteers and the defence of Ponce; and it was all the defence that was made.

That same day into Ponce Harbor came the little *Wasp*, leading the way for the *Annapolis*, and for the *Dixie*, that had got ashore and vainly claimed by seniority the right to demand the surrender of the city. Now the charts were bad, the defences an unknown quantity, but the *Wasp* knew no fear and wanted to be first. So on they came, and anchored off the Playa. A boat was lowered, and Ensign Curtin put in charge to make demand for the immediate surrender of the port and city. Hundreds of people thronged the landing and the plaza in front of the alcaldia, gazed from windows and balconies, as the little ensign sprang from his boat and strode up the landing, his handkerchief tied on a stick for a flag of truce, his sword at his side, and the guns of his ship, including his own port forward 6-pounder, winking with wicked look towards the white town in the late afternoon sunlight and the crowds that thronged the way. "Vivan Americanos!" some said, while others said "Hush!" and all looked at the small young officer, eager in their hearts to welcome him and his flag.

"Where is the alcalde?" said Curtin.

"In jail," said some one, "for American sympathies," and his wife pressed forward to tell her story, tears streaming down her face.

"The capitan del puerto, then, where is he?" The way was quickly shown to the house and broad arched doorway. Once in the presence of the only civil authority to be found, Curtin stated his business quickly—a half-hour to surrender, or the fire of his ship and of the others coming in.

The town destroyed by the terrible American guns!

"But, señor, I cannot surrender. The governor at Ponce, he alone can give the surrender."

"Then he must be sent for at once. There is no time to lose if you wish to save the town."

Then a young man came to the front who spoke good English. "If the lieutenant will go."

"Very good, then; I will take you as interpreter."

"Oh no, never! The civil guard will kill me." For this was one of the volunteers who had run away, and would not have gone to Ponce for all the money in it. It meant the Americans or nothing to him.

After thinking it over, Curtin sent a message to the governor, at the risk and expense of the capitan del puerto, saying his Excellency must come in half an hour or the town be destroyed. Clever young man! That was a move worthy of a major-general. In the mean time the *Wasp* was getting anxious lest something had happened to the young officer. Signals were hoisted, saying. "Return aboard. Do you want help?" And as Curtin translated these to the captain, his nervousness became great; a telephone was brought into use, and then the message came, "The governor surrenders."

In the mean time the *Dixie*, having gotten off the rocks, sent a boat in with armed bluejackets and marines, and nearly undid Curtin's work with an offer of twenty-four hours of leeway. Fortunately the surrender had been given, and a flag was hoisted; but as the day turned into night the armed force from the *Dixie* was withdrawn to the *Wasp*, and slept on its arms till daylight, when it went ashore and took possession just as the army appeared.

Nothing could have been more peaceful. There was no intention of resistance so far as the people were concerned. Once sure the Americans had come to stay, their joy knew no bounds; they greeted them as friends, and shouted, "Vivan Americanos!"

Somewhere they got little American flags and buttons, and the fortunate possessor of the magic emblems was the envy of all other Puerto-Ricans.

Just as the night fell the *Gloucester* had come in from Guanica, and had set to work gathering up the lighters, of which there was a goodly number, and by morning had them towed out to the transports and ready for the work of landing.

As they had bargained to pay the crafty Don who owned the lighters a full legal price with bonus, he had no objections, since needs must, and gathered his men and his lighters with alacrity. Now if he had only objected, he would have had to do it all for nothing, and go to jail, besides, for hindering the army. So he vowed allegiance and moved his boats with eagerness, and was the first person to profit by the arrival of Uncle Sam in the island of Puerto Rico.

I went ashore in the afternoon with officers from the *Wasp*, and, after visiting headquarters and greeting friends, we got a carriage and drove out to the city. Squads of soldiers were marching, and guards had been posted all along the way and in the cross-streets. Already they fraternized with the people in a friendly, free-and-easy way characteristic of the American soldier. A guard sat in front of a barber shop under the shade of an awning, perspiration pouring down his face; gun in one hand, handkerchief in the other, he mopped his brow and chatted with the family and neighbors, who brought out chairs and gathered about, apparently very proud to have such a distinguished visitor. Half-way out we passed a soldier who, tired of lugging his heavy-marching outfit, had annexed a boy with a small cart; into that he dumped his knapsack and blanket, another boy carried his gun, and a third helped the other two, while the soldier walked behind, fanning himself with his hat and bossing his pack-train with vigorous words.

Ponce was already in possession of our troops, and they kept coming all the afternoon, part going into camp in the plaza, where they made good use of a large and gorgeous band-stand. The larger part of the force went into camp beyond the city; another camp was established half-way between the Playa and Ponce, with a guard at headquarters.

It was a great day for Ponce. Most of the houses were shut tight at first, and nearly all the stores; but when they found the soldiers would not harm them the whole city opened its doors and business began to boom. The little French-Spanish hotel was the first thing to fall into the hands of the enemy, and never in its history had it done so much business, or served so many breakfasts, or dispensed so many cooling drinks in so short a time. General Wilson established his headquarters in the house of the former governor, and that gentleman had fled with such haste as to show a most unpremeditated departure. A meal was found set upon the table, clean clothes laid out for the day; a broken roll, a full cup of coffee, a carving-knife that had but just begun to cut, proved clearly that the governor's appetite had been lost in an instant, and his retreat was so rapid as to distance his men by many miles.

When the Spanish troops marched out of the city they first looted the largest dry-goods store and made armor-plating from anything that came to hand, stuffing it up their backs to protect them from Yankee bullets. Then they retreated in good order.

They have quite an extensive fire department in Ponce, with a building on the plaza and an old-fashioned hand-engine and hook-and-ladder, made in New York State, too. The firemen act also as a kind of policemen, and turned out in force that day, wearing their red shirts and broad belts and little caps. They were down at the Playa early in the day, and as the scene of excitement shifted to the city they marched back there. Then they got their band out, about four o'clock, and marched around the plaza playing some lively tunes. There were not enough to reach all the way across the square, so they just went round and round the cathedral corner, till they looked full twice as many—like the march of the Amazons in a comic opera. Their band did nobly, the people cheered, the soldiers laughed, and it was certainly more like the stage than real life.

Up the street came a full regiment of dusty soldiers—long lines of rifle-barrels and shining bayonets and broad-chested, sturdy, blue-shirted, heavy-shod men. The tramp, tramp of their steady tread cleared the street, and as they came into view their band—the only one we had heard in Wilson's division—struck up "Marching through Georgia." With splendid rhythm the men kept time to the stirring notes of that old battle-song. It warmed our hearts—it was real; no holiday parade—and all the jesting effervescence of the crowd in the plaza melted out of sight as the column swung by and on to the green fields, where some of them were to lose their lives, and where all were willing to face whatever came.

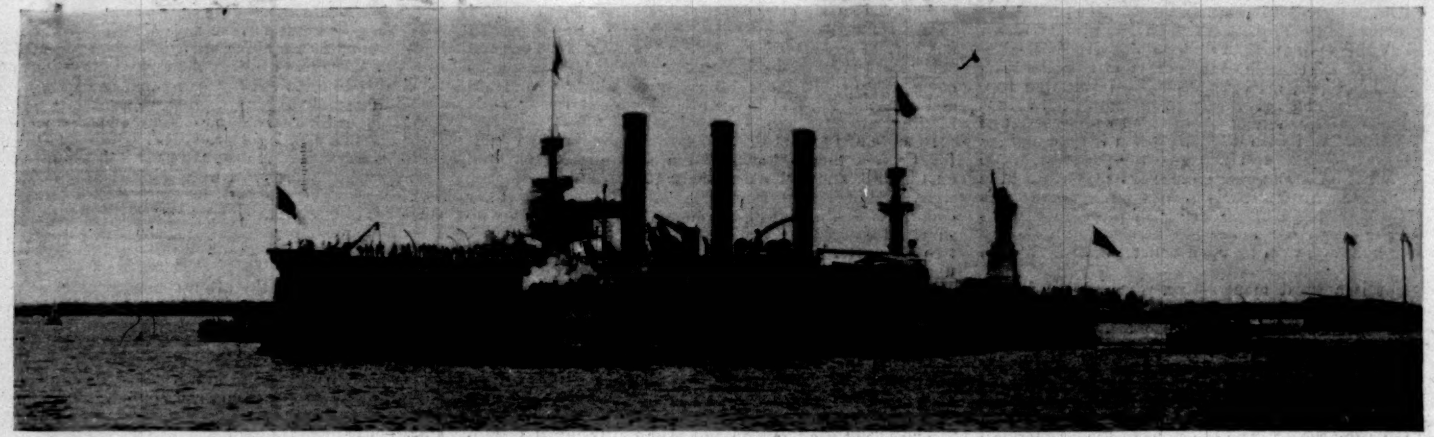
Back we went to the port and the ship and the busy harbor, passing soldiers everywhere, their pickets guarding every road and corner, and their camp fires blazing out against the dark trees and the twilight sky.

So far not a shot had been fired in this first day of the peaceful occupation of Ponce.

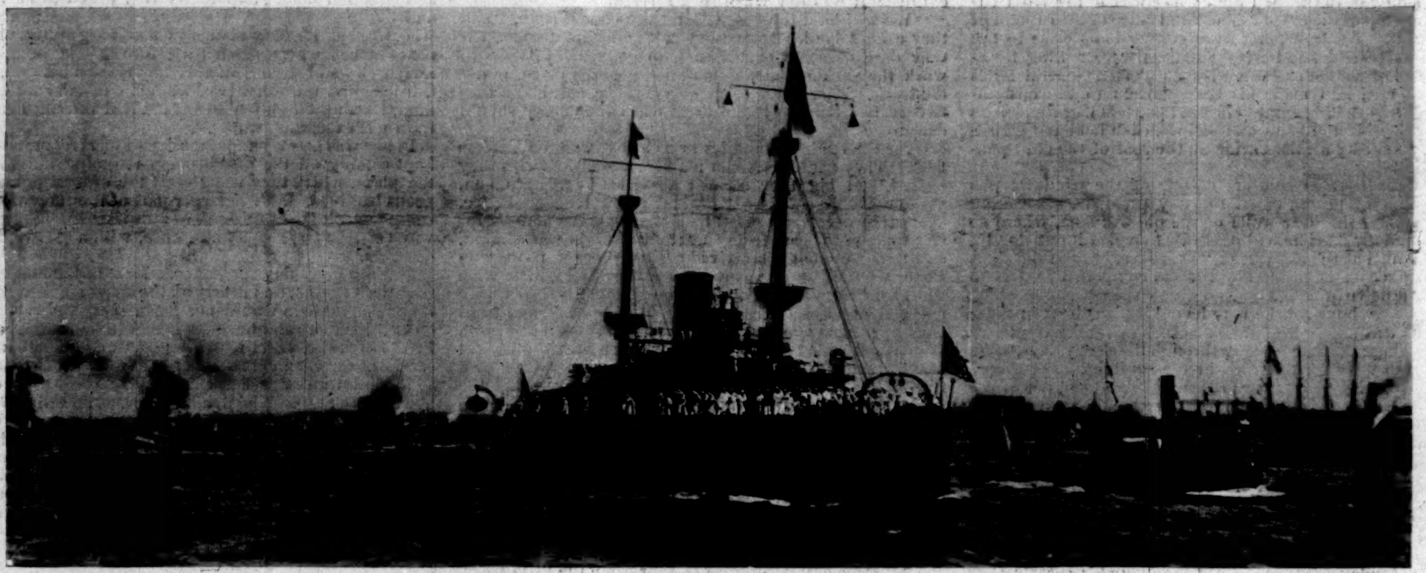
Carlton T. Chapman.

Grant's Tomb.
Columbia University.
"New York."

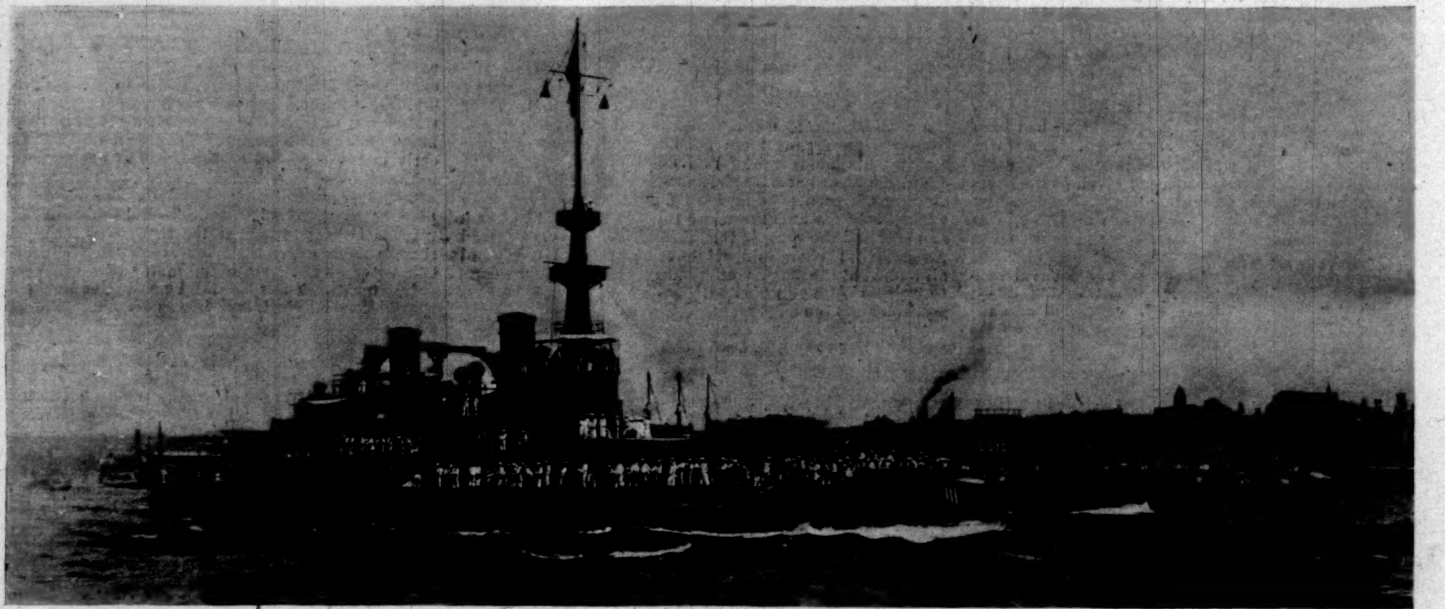
THE "NEW YORK," ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLAG-SHIP, LEADS THE WAY—COMING DOWN THE HUDSON RIVER.



THE "BROOKLYN," ADMIRAL SCHLEY'S FLAG-SHIP, IN THE HARBOR, OFF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

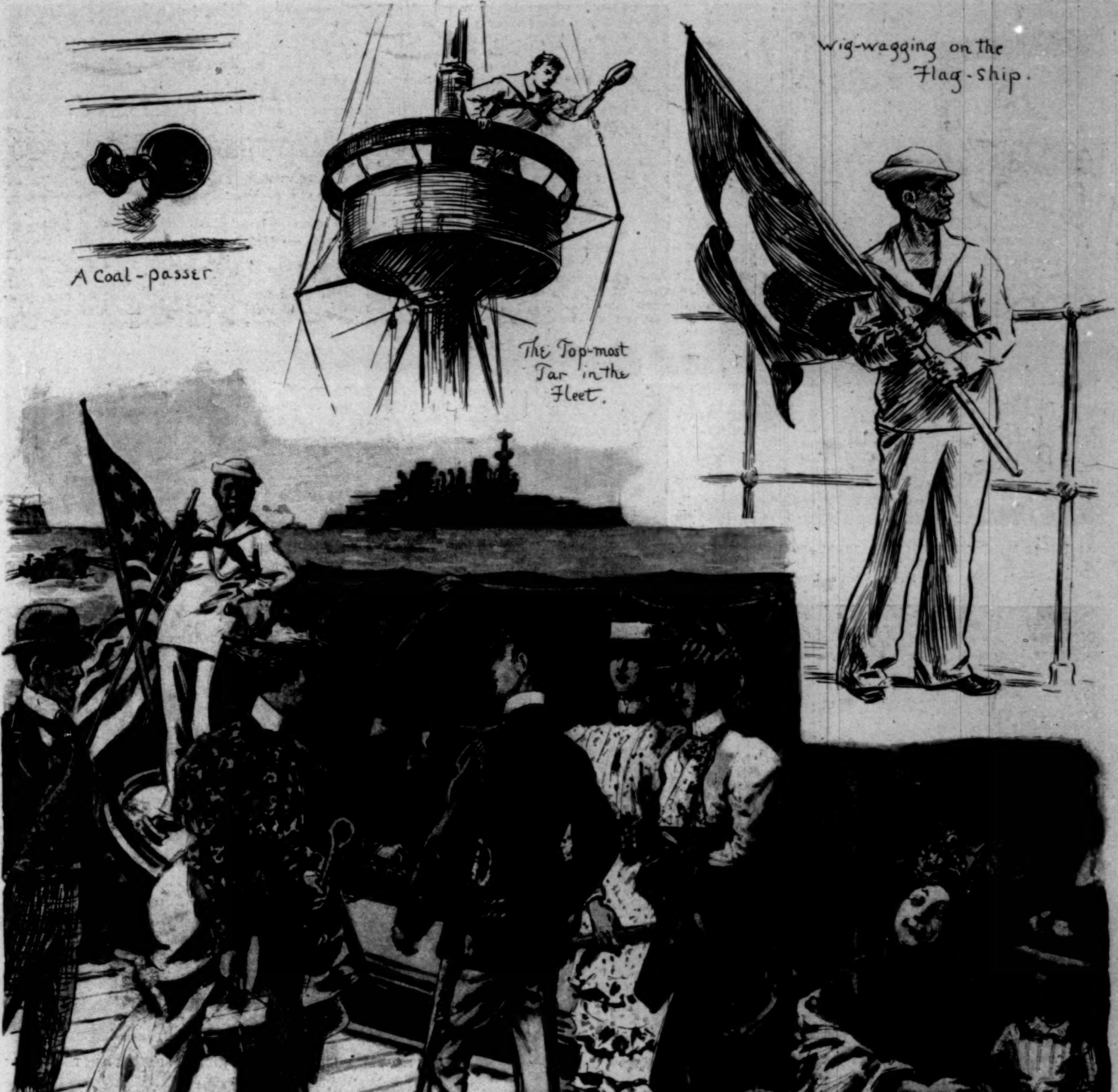


THE "TEXAS," COMMODORE PHILIP'S REFORMED HOODOO.

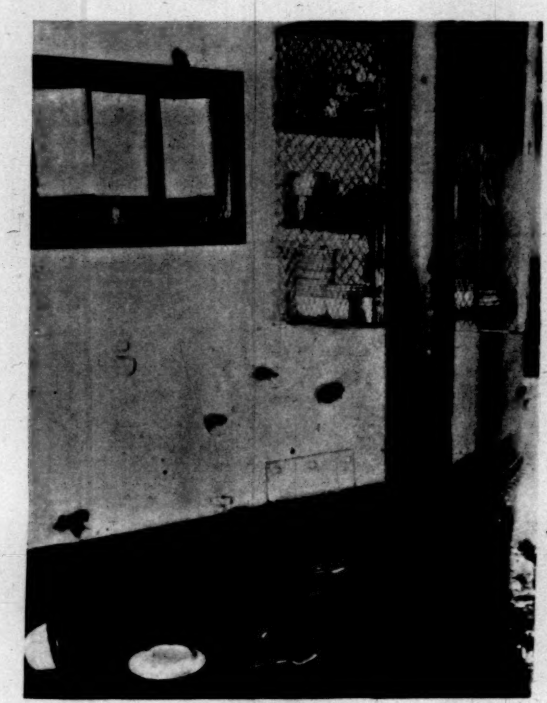


THE "OREGON," CAPTAIN CLARK'S "BATTLE-SHIP CRUISER."

THE HOME-COMING OF THE FLEET—THE NAVAL PARADE, NEW YORK, AUGUST 20, 1898.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HART.

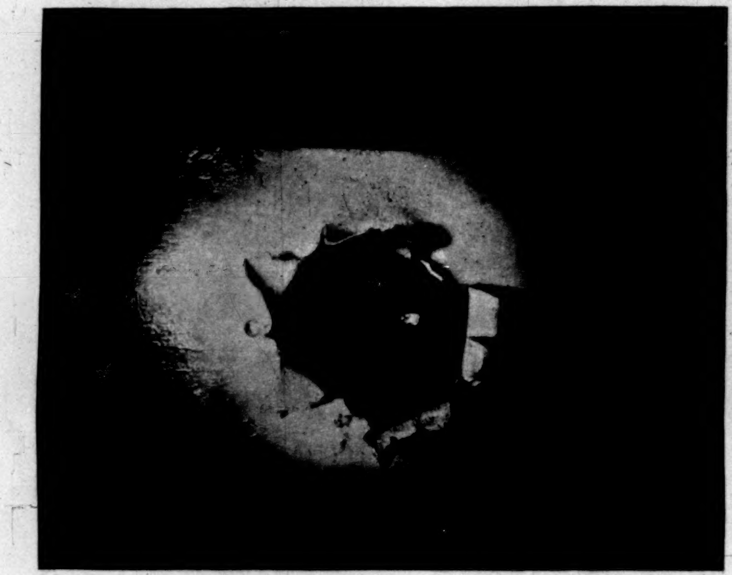

A Coal-passer.
The Top-most Tar in the Fleet.
Wig-wagging on the Flag-Ship.
The "Man of War Landing" at Tompkinsville.
OWA
Their Friends in Sight.
W. A. Rogers.
An Old Block and a Chip of it.

THE HOME-COMING OF THE FLEET—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE NAVAL PARADE, NEW YORK, AUGUST 20, 1898.
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.



1. HOLES MADE BY EXPLODING SHELL—FRAGMENTS GLANCING TO RIGHT.
Crockery in Cupboard was thrown about as here indicated.

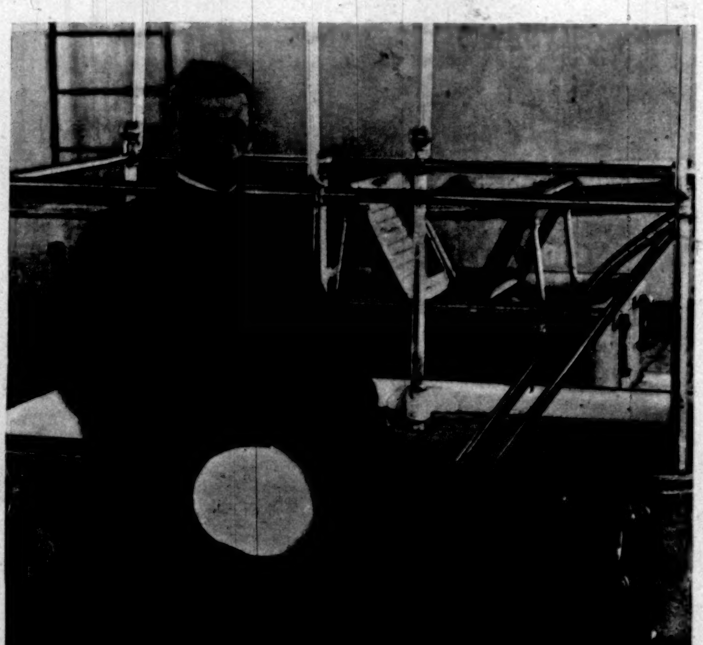
2. HOLE SEEN FURTHEST TO THE RIGHT IN NO. 1.



3. HOLE MADE IN SIDE OF "IOWA" BY SPANISH SHELL PENETRATING, AND EXPLODING AS SHOWN IN NO. 1—VIEW FROM INSIDE.

4. VENTILATOR DAMAGED BY GLANCING SPANISH SHOT.

5. HOLE MADE IN STANCHION BY SPANISH SHOT, WHICH THEN GLANCED AND PENETRATED VENTILATOR.



6. CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS, U.S.N., COMMANDING U. S. BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA."

THE BATTLE-SHIP "IOWA'S" HONORABLE SCARS.

From Photographs by Hart, taken in New York Harbor August 21.

CHART OF THE NAVAL BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.

WHAT really happened at the battle of Santiago? All the world knows, of course, that the Spanish squadron was destroyed by the American ships, and that forty minutes of sea-fighting occurred bigger with results than any forty minutes in the history of naval warfare. No one doubts that the flame which leaped to the sky when the first of the Spanish vessels went up in explosion was the dawn of peace. No one stops to think now what would have been the result had our ships been strewn blazing hulks along the Santiago coast, with the Spaniards, uninjured and victorious, free to steam their way to the American shores.

But what was the relation of ship to ship from the moment the *Infanta Maria Teresa* poked her black nose around Puntillo on that bright Sunday morning? When the *Furor* blew up, where was the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, which she had been following immediately? When the *Oregon* was abeam of two of the Spaniards at once, where were our other ships? Was an opening left at any time for one of the Spaniards to escape? Could the result have been affected by Cervera taking a different course—say, making for the eastward instead of the westward, as has been suggested frequently? Where did the *Colon* pass her consorts, and how did she escape thirty-seven miles further west, and practically uninjured?

In the multitude of accounts there is much apparent confusion. This is not surprising, when it is remembered that each account has been written either solely or for the far greater part from the view-point of one person or, at the most, one ship. In the heat of battle the observer naturally feels that he is the centre of operations. Stand on the bridge of a war-vessel and watch a land battery reply to your ship's fire, and you feel sure that each and every shell fired is aimed directly at your individual self. You may feel foolish, when you have ducked, to see the shell explode half a mile away, but you cannot get rid of the rooted conviction that the gunner meant that shell for you. Most individual accounts of a great battle, while honest as the sunlight, fail to leave a satisfying impression in the mind of the reader, because they are almost always written from the individual view-point alone. The purpose of the subjoined sketch, or map, is to tell the story of the battle of Santiago as a comprehensive whole. It shows the position of each ship in relation to all the others from the moment Cervera's squadron passed under the shadow of the Morro to the beaching of the *Vizcaya*. Add to this the hopeless flight of the *Cristóbal Colon*, with the *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, and *Texas* in pursuit in continuation of their courses as shown on the map, and you have the whole battle of Santiago in a nutshell—or rather on a sheet of paper.

The map is mathematically and geographically correct, or as nearly so as it was humanly possible to make it under the circumstances. It was drawn on the *Texas* by Lieutenant Mark L. Bristol, aided by Assistant-Engineer Crank, in the days immediately following the battle. Its data were furnished by the personal observation of the officers of the *Texas*, revised, corrected, or corroborated by interviews with officers of the *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, *Iowa*, *Indiana*, and *Gloucester*, an extended account written soon after the battle by an officer of the *Vixen*, and by notes taken by myself during the engagement. The times, relative and actual positions, and distances were worked out with the greatest care. As a comprehensive story, the map stands by itself, and needs no explanation.

Position 1, at 9.35 o'clock, when general signal 250, "The enemy is escaping," fluttered from the yard-arms of Sampson's vessels, finds the squadron in about its usual blockading position, in the general form of an arc of a circle with the Morro as its centre. The ships in order, beginning from the west, are *Vixen*, *Brooklyn*, *Texas*, *Iowa*, *Oregon*, *Indiana*, and *Gloucester*. The *Texas*, by actual observation, is 5100 yards from the Morro, and the others are approximately the same distance. The *New York* having gone to Siboney, and the *Massachusetts* to Guantanamo, the *Vixen*, *Brooklyn*, and *Texas* are moved somewhat eastward from their ordinary positions, the *Iowa* and *Oregon* somewhat further westward. The customary position of the *Massachusetts* was between the *Iowa* and *Texas;* that of the *New York*, between the *Indiana* and *Gloucester*.

The beginning of the battle (Position 2) shows the Spanish ships coming out of the Santiago Harbor entrance and veering westward. All the American ships have headed straight for them, closing in, until it was seen what course the enemy ultimately would take. The Spaniards are firing broadsides as they come out and swing westward, and the Americans are firing bow on. The next ten minutes was the hottest period of the battle. It was seen that the Spaniards meant to try to escape to the westward by hugging the shore, and the American commanders swung west in a parallel course for the running fight.

The end of this ten minutes (Position 3) shows four of our ships, *Brooklyn*, *Texas*, *Oregon*, and *Iowa*, well bunched. This is a feature which may afford ground for criticism to the foreign naval expert, the four ships together offering a magnificent target for the Spaniards; but it was merely the accident of speed, and lasted for only a moment or so. The *Brooklyn*, it will be seen, has swung about. The *Texas* is in the lead of the squadron; the *Iowa* is nearest inshore; the *Indiana* is coming up from her position on the far east as fast as the poor condition of her boilers will allow. The *Oregon* has begun her magnificent burst of speed and has caught up with the *Iowa* and *Texas*. The *Gloucester* is nearly abreast of Morro, in a straight line for the torpedo-boat-destroyers. The little *Vixen* has come about in a curve and is running west, well outside. Of the Spaniards, the *Maria Teresa*, *Vizcaya*, and *Colon* are also somewhat bunched, having proceeded about two miles from the harbor entrance. The flag-ship is still leading, with the *Vizcaya* close behind her, while the *Colon* is rapidly overhauling them, and has cut her course inshore, being thus protected by her consorts. The torpedo-boat-destroyers, it will be seen, have just cleared the harbor entrance.

Events followed very rapidly in the succeeding ten minutes, and Position 4 (ten o'clock) shows radical changes. Captain Clark's magnificent "battle-ship cruiser" *Oregon* has taken the lead of all the American ships except the *Brooklyn*, which is a little in advance of her, but considerably further out. The *Iowa* is overhauling the *Texas*, and is a little further inshore. The *Indiana* has come into good range with the torpedo-boats, and is preparing the way for the glorious hammering the tiny *Gloucester* gave them. Cervera's flag-ship is in difficulties (already her guns are clogged by dead and dying, and the Spanish officers are shooting their own men to keep the others at their work). She has dropped to third place in the column. The *Vizcaya* is leading, nearly a mile away, with the *Colon* at her heels. Both the *Vizcaya* and the *Colon*, it may be observed, are more than half a mile in advance of our foremost ships.

Another ten minutes and the *Maria Teresa* and *Oquendo* are both looking for a good place to run ashore, as shown by Position 5. The *Colon* has outstripped all her companions, and is crowding on all steam, more than a mile in advance of the *Brooklyn* and *Oregon*, with the *Vizcaya* a good second. The *Furor* and *Pluton* are wrecks. It is just forty minutes from the time Cervera was discovered coming out, and the battle is virtually over. Of our ships, the *Iowa* has drawn up abeam of the *Texas*, blanketing her fire for a moment, about a mile astern of the *Oregon*, which is abeam of the *Oquendo* and *Maria Teresa*. In a moment or two these two ships are surrendered and beached.

Position 6 takes us up to the surrender of the *Vizcaya* at Aseradero, showing the *Brooklyn* abeam and well outside, the *Oregon* slightly astern and nearest the prize, and the *Texas* considerably astern, but leading the *Iowa* about a mile. Schley, Clark, and Philip push on after the fleeing *Colon*, Evans stays by the *Vizcaya*, Taylor puts in to the wrecks of the *Oquendo* and *Teresa*, and the battle is over. The chase of the *Colon*, ending thirty-seven miles further in the surrender of the last of Cervera's vaunted squadron, was but a pleasant summer afternoon's cruise.

THOMAS M. DIEUAIDE.

A LAST WILL.

HE was stronger and cleverer, no doubt, than other men, and in many broad lines of business he had grown rich, until his wealth exceeded exaggeration. One morning, in his office, he directed a request to his confidential lawyer to come to him in the afternoon. He intended to have his will drawn. A will is a solemn matter, even with men whose life is given up to business, and who are by habit mindful of the future. After giving this direction he took up no other matter, but sat at his desk alone and in silence.

It was a day when summer was first new. The pale leaves upon the trees were starting forth upon the still unbending branches. The grass in the parks had a freshness in its green like the freshness of the blue in the sky, and of the yellow of the sun—a freshness to make one wish that life might renew its youth. The clear breezes from the south wantoned about, and then were still, as if loath to go finally away. Half idly, half thoughtfully the rich man wrote upon the white paper before him, beginning what he wrote with capital letters, such as he had not made since, as a boy in school, he had taken pride in his skill with the pen:

"IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound and disposing mind and memory [he lingered on the word memory], do now make and publish this my LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, in order, as justly as I may, to distribute my interests in the world among succeeding men.

"And first, that part of my interests which is known in the law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no account of it in this my will.

"My right to live, it being but a life-estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath:

"*Item.*—And first, I give to good fathers and mothers, but in trust for their children, nevertheless, all good little words of praise and all quaint pet names, and I charge said parents to use them justly but generously as the needs of their children shall require.

"*Item.*—I leave to children exclusively, but only for the life of their childhood, all and every, the dandelions of the fields and the daisies thereof, with the right to play among them freely, according to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against the thistles. And I devise to children the yellow shores of creeks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, with the dragon-flies that skim the surface of said waters, and the odors of the willows that dip into said waters, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

"And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the Night and the Moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers; and I give to each child the right to choose a star that shall be his, and I direct that the child's father shall tell him the name of it, in order that the child shall always remember the name of that star after he has learned and forgotten astronomy.

"*Item.*—I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, and all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blooms and butterflies thereof; and all woods, with their appurtenances of squirrels and whirring birds and echoes and strange noises; and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found, I do give to said boys to be theirs. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood or coal, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance of cares.

"*Item.*—To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red, red roses by the wall, the snow of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, or aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"*Item.*—To young men jointly, being joined in a brave, mad crowd, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry. I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude and rough, I leave to them alone the power of making lasting friendships and of possessing companions; and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing, with smooth voices to troll them forth.

"*Item.*—And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave Memory, and I leave to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare, and of other poets, if there are others, to the end that they may live the old days over again freely and fully, without tithe or diminution; and to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave, too, the knowledge of what a rare, rare world it is."

WILLISTON FISH.

AS TO WAR TAXES.

THEY'VE put a stamp upon our checks,
  As well as on our beer;
They've taxed the note that often wrecks,
  And things that bring good cheer.
They've taxed the mortgage on the roof,
  They've taxed insurance too,
Until some folks have but reproof
  For schemes for Revenue.

I've but a word of good advice
  For those who make the tax:
Why not impose some of the ice
  On more deserving backs?
Why make the man who pays a debt
  Add something to his score,
When there are several millions yet
  'Twere well not to ignore?

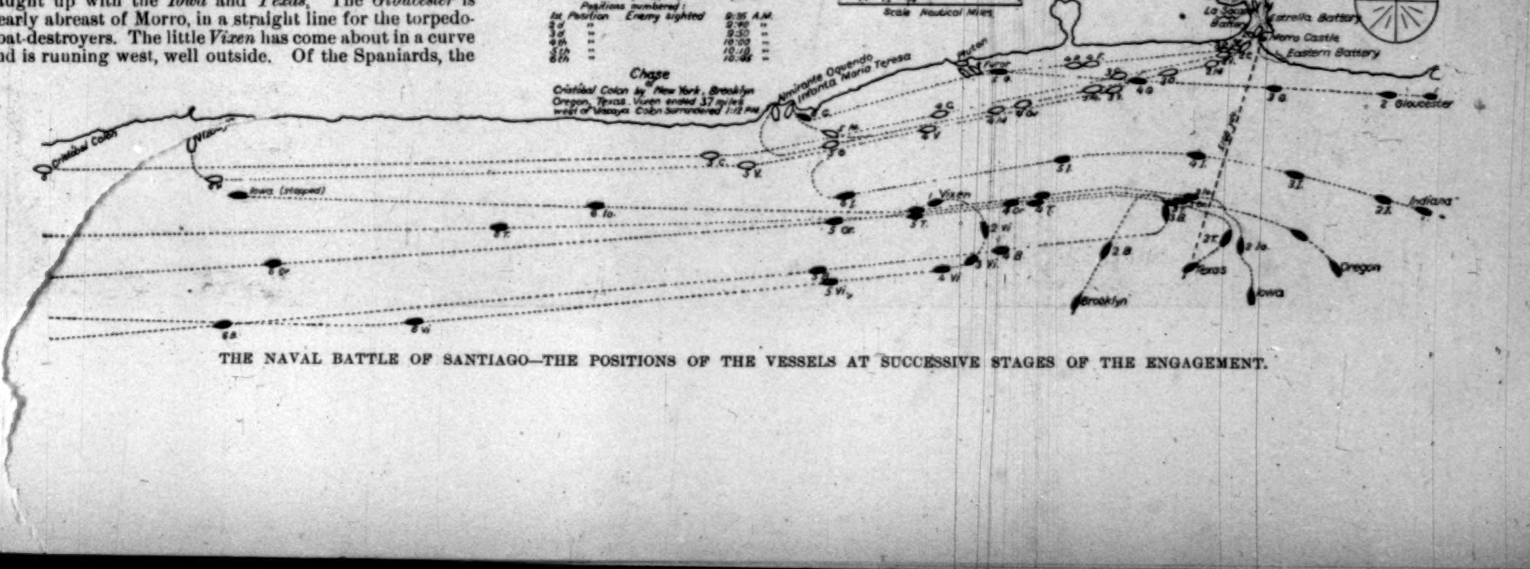
Tax nuisances, not virtues. There
  Is sure no lack of these:
The man who talks while cutting hair,
  The man demanding fees
For doing what he ought to do,
  And others of his ilk;
Pray why ignore the pirate crew
  And put so much on silk?

The Yellow Journalist should be
  Compelled to pay two cents
On every one-cent extra he
  Brings out with lines immense.
Tax all the fibs this fellow tells;
  I think you'll surely find
That you've at last removed the spells
  That weak finances bind.

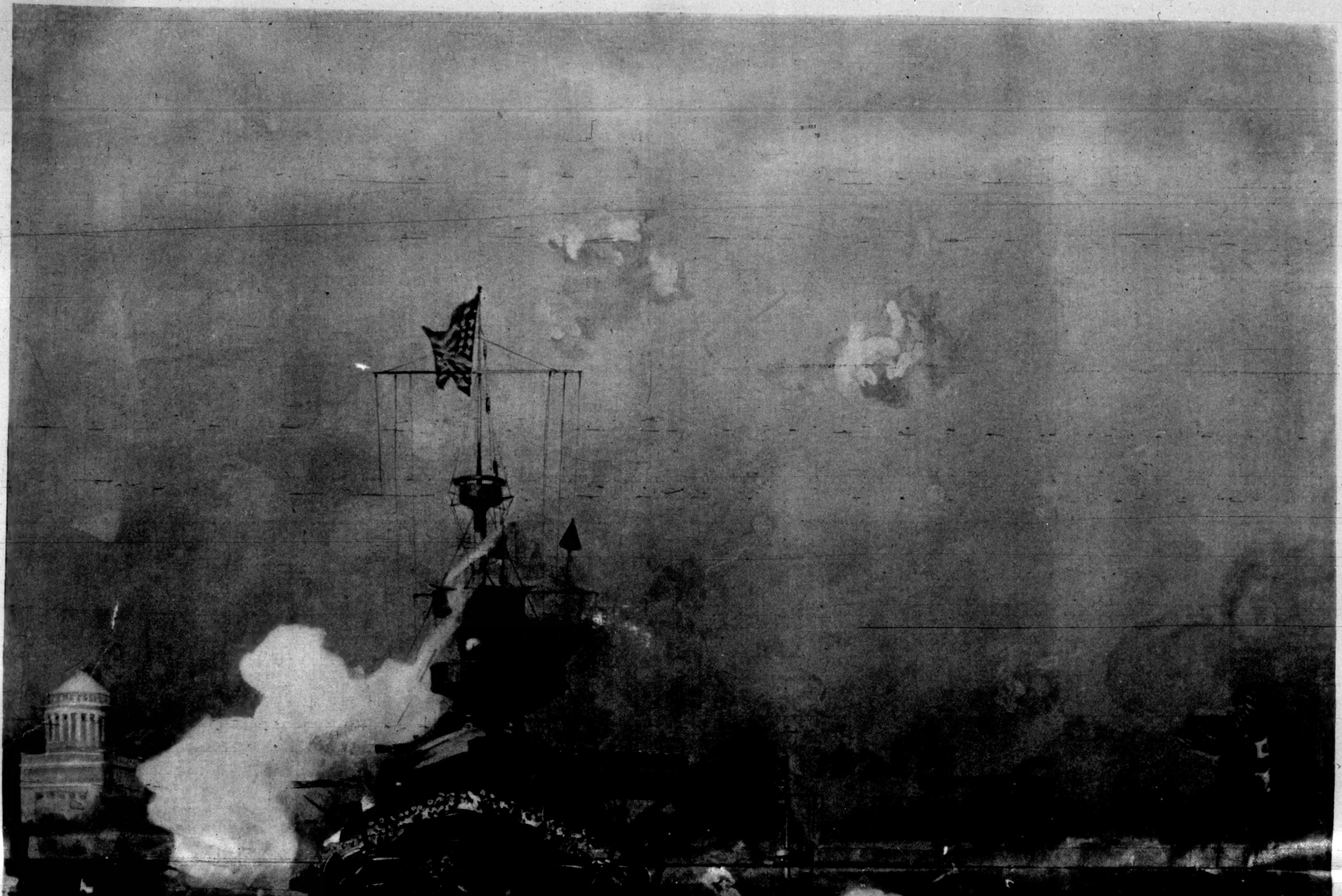
Tax all the saffron clergymen,
  Forgetful of their place,
For every word they utter when
  They would incite the race.
Tax people like our loved Van Wyck,
  And Platt, and Croker too,
For every scheming little strike
  Their politics put through.

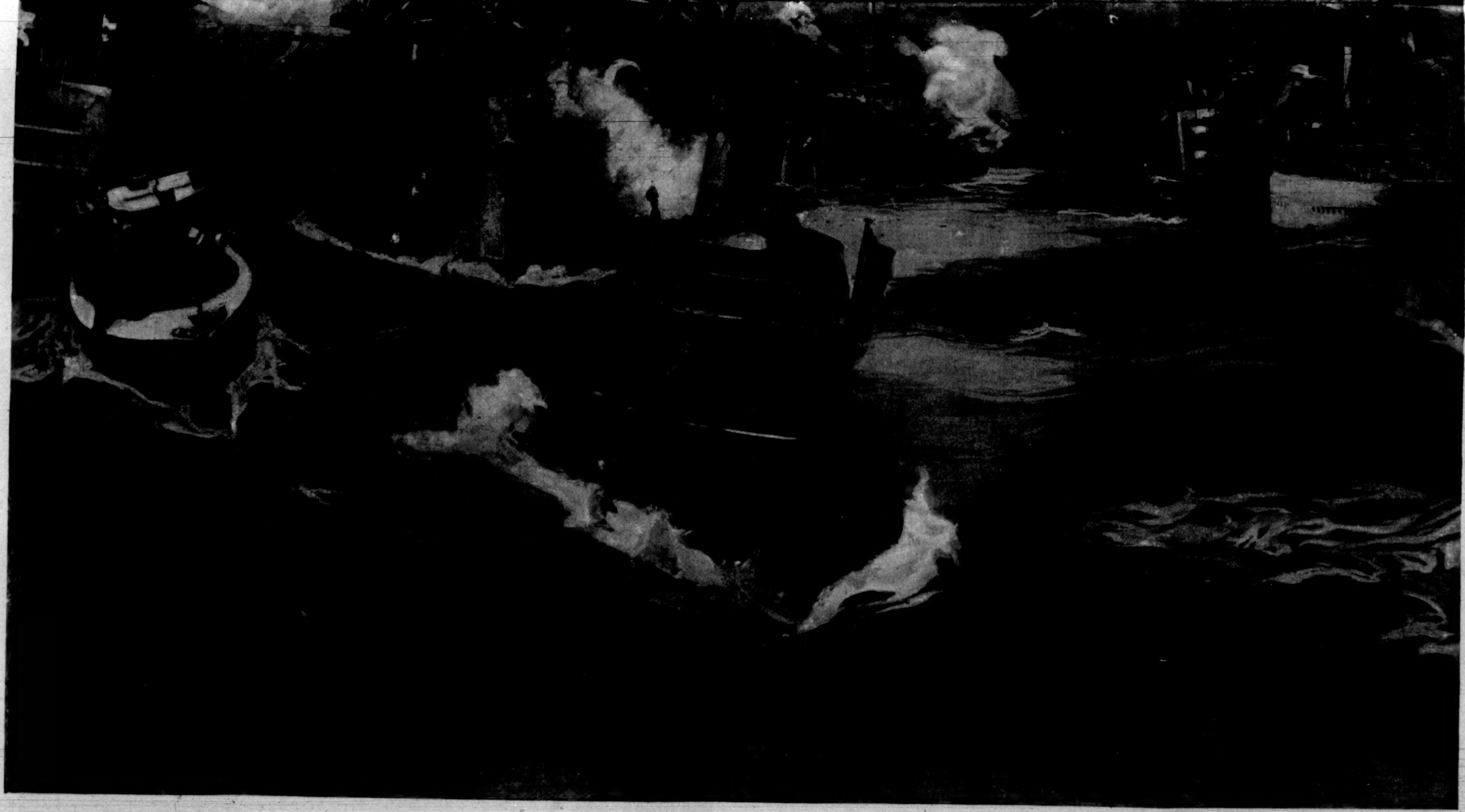
Tax deals and schemes, tax everything
  Which makes our folk appear
To be bound fast within a ring—
  You'll find there's plenty here.
Tax everywhere corruption, and
  I think you'll shortly see
The people in a chorus grand
  Acclaim you splendidly.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



THE NAVAL BATTLE OF SANTIAGO—THE POSITIONS OF THE VESSELS AT SUCCESSIVE STAGES OF THE ENGAGEMENT.





HONORING THE NAVY.

THE GREAT MARINE PARADE OF AUGUST 20 IN NEW YORK HARBOR—FIVE BATTLE-SHIPS AND TWO ARMORED CRUISERS IN LINE.

DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.

THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

XXI.—THE INDIVIDUALITY OF PETER SADLER.

"MARTIN," said Matlack, sharply, before the young man had reached him, "it seems to me that you think that you have been engaged here as lady's-maid, but there's other things to do besides teaching young women about trees and fishes. If you think," continued Matlack, when the two had reached the woodland kitchen, "that your bein' a hermit is goin' to let you throw all the work on me, you're mistaken. There's a lot of potatoes that's got to be peeled for dinner."

Without a word Martin sat down on the ground with a pan of potatoes in front of him and began to work. Had he been a proud crusader setting forth to fight the Saracens his blood could not have coursed with greater warmth and force, his soul could not have more truly spurned the earth and all the common things upon it. What he had said to Margery had made him feel ennobled. If Raybold had that instant appeared before him with some jeering insult, Martin would have pardoned him with lofty scorn; and yet he peeled potatoes, and did it well. But his thoughts were not upon his work; they were upon the future which, if he proved himself to be the man he thought himself to be, might open before him. When he had finished the potatoes he put the pan upon a table and stood near by, deep in thought.

"Yes," said he to himself, "I should go now. After what I have said to her I cannot stay here and live this life before her. I would wait on her with bended knee at every step, but with love for her in my soul I cannot wash dishes for other people. I have spoken, and now I must act; and the quicker the better. If all goes well I may be here again, but I shall not come back as a guide." Then a thought of Raybold crossed his mind, but he put it aside. Even if he staid here he could not protect her, for she had shown that she did not wish him to do it in the only way he could do it, and he felt sure, too, that any further annoyance would result in an appeal to Mr. Archibald.

"Well," said Matlack, sharply, "what's the matter with you? Don't you intend to move?"

"Yes," said Martin, turning quickly, "I do intend to move. I am going to leave this camp just as soon as I can pack my things."

"And where in the name of thunder are you goin' to?"

"I'm going to Sadler's," said Martin.

"What for?"

"On my own business," was the reply.

Matlack looked at him for a moment suspiciously. "Have you got any complaints to make of me?" he said.

"No," said Martin, promptly, "not one; but I have affairs on hand which will take me off immediately." And he moved toward the tent.

"Before dinner?" asked Matlack.

"Yes," said the other, "before dinner; now."

"Go ahead then," said Matlack, putting some sticks of wood into the stove; "and tell Sadler that if he don't send me somebody before supper-time to help about this camp, he'll see me. I'll be hanged," he said to himself, as he closed the door of the stove, "if this isn't hermitism with a vengeance. I wonder who'll be the next one to cut and run; most likely it will be Mrs. Perkenpine."

Early in the afternoon, warm and dusty, Martin presented himself before Peter Sadler, who was smoking his pipe on the little shaded piazza at the back of the house.

"Oh, ho!" said Peter. "How in the name of commonsense did you happen to turn up at this minute? This is about as queer a thing as I've known of lately. What did you come for? Sit down."

"Mr. Sadler," said Martin, "I have come here on most important business."

"Lake dry?" asked Peter.

"It is a matter," said Martin, "which concerns myself; and if all the lakes in the world were dry, I would not be able to think about them, so full is my soul of one thing."

"By the Lord Harry," said Peter, "let's have it, quick!"

In a straightforward manner, but with an ardent vehemence which he could not repress, Martin stated his business with Peter Sadler. He told him how he loved Margery, what he had said to her, and what she had said to him.

"And now," said the young man, "I have come to ask your permission to address her; but whether you give it or not I shall go to her mother and speak to her. I know her address, and I intend to do everything in an honorable way."

Peter Sadler put down his pipe and looked steadfastly at the young man. "I wish to heaven," said he, "that there was a war goin' on! I'd write a letter to the commander-in-chief and let you take it to him, and I'd tell him you was the bravest man between Hudson Bay and Patagonia. By George! I can't understand it! I can't understand how you could have the cheek, the unutterable brass, to come here and ask me—me, Peter Sadler—to let you court one of the ladies in a campin'-party of mine. And, what's more, I can't understand how I can sit here and hear you tell me that tale without picking up a chair and knocking you down with it."

"Mr. Sadler," said Martin, rising, "I have spoken to you fairly and squarely, and if that's all you've got to say, I will go."

"Sit down!" roared Peter, bringing his hand upon the table as if he would drive its legs through the floor. "Sit down, and listen to what I have to say to you. It's the strangest thing that ever happened to me that I am not more angry with you than I am; but I can't understand it, and I pass it by. Now that you are seated again, I will make some remarks on my side. Do you see that?" said he, picking up a letter on the table. "Do you see who it is addressed to?"

"To me!" exclaimed Martin, in surprise.

"Yes, it's to you," said Peter; "and I wrote it, and I intended to send it by Bill Hammond this afternoon. That's the reason I was surprised when I saw you here. But I'm not goin' to give it to you; I'd rather tell you what's in it, now you are here. Before I knew you were the abject ninnyhammer that you have just told me you are I had a good opinion of you, and thought that you were cut out to make a first-class traveller and explorer—the sort of a fellow who could lead a surveying expedition through the wilderness, or work up new countries and find out what they are made of and what's in them. And only yesterday I heard of a chance that ought to make you jump, and this morning I wrote to you about it. A friend of mine, who 's roughed it with me for many a day, is goin' to take an expedition down into New Mexico in the interests of a railroad and minin' company. They want to know everything about the country—the game, fish, trees, and plants, as well as the minerals—and it struck me that if you are not just the kind of man they want you could make yourself so in a very short time. They'd pay you well enough, and you'd have a chance to dip into natural history, and all that sort of thing, that you had no reason to expect for a dozen years to come, if it ever came. If such a chance had been offered to me at your age I wouldn't have changed lots with a king. All you've got to do is to pack up and be off. The party starts from New York in just three days; and I'll give you a letter to Joe Hendricks, and that 'll be all you want. He knows me well enough to take you without a word. If you haven't got money enough saved to fit yourself out for the trip I'll lend you some, and you can pay me back when they pay you. You can take the train this afternoon, and maybe you can see Hendricks to-night. So pack up what you want and leave what you don't want, and I'll take care of it. I'll write to Hendricks now."

Many times did the face of Martin flush and pale as he listened. A vision of Paradise had been opened before him, but he felt that he must shut his eyes.

"Mr. Sadler," he said, "you are very kind. You offer me a great thing—a thing which two weeks ago I should have accepted in the twinkling of an eye, and would have thanked you for all the rest of my life; but I cannot take it now. With all my heart I love a woman; I have told her so, and I am now going on the path she told me to take. I cannot turn aside from that for any prospects in the world."

Peter Sadler's face grew red, and then it grew black, and then it turned red again, and finally resumed its ordinary brown.

"Martin Sanders," said he, speaking quietly, but with one hand fastened upon the arm of his chair with a grasp which a horse could not have loosened, "if you are cowardly enough and small enough and paltry enough to go to a girl who is living in peace and comfort and ask her to marry you, when you know perfectly well that for years to come you could not give her a decent roof over her head, and that if her family wanted her to live like a Christian they would have to give her the money to do it with; and if you are fool enough not to know that when she sent you first to me and then to her mother she was tryin' to get rid of you without hurtin' your feelin's, why, then, I want you to get out of my sight, and the quicker the better. But if you are not so low down as that, go to your room and pack up your bag. The coach will start for the train at three o'clock, and it is now nearly half-past two; that will just give me time to write to Hendricks. Go!"

Martin rose. Whatever happened afterward, he must go now. It seemed to him as if the whole world had suddenly grown colder; as if he had been floating in a fog and had neared an iceberg. Could it be possible that she had spoken, as she had spoken, simply to get rid of him? He could not believe it. No one with such honest eyes could speak in that way; and yet he did not know what to believe.

In any case, he would go away in the coach. He had spoken to Sadler, and now, whether he spoke to any one else or not, the sooner he left the better.

When he came to take the coach, Peter Sadler, who had rolled himself to the front of the house, handed him the letter he had written.

"I believe you are made of the right kind of stuff," he said, "although you've got a little mouldy by bein' lazy out there in the woods; but you're all right now; and what you've got to do is to go ahead with a will, and, take my word for it, you'll come out on top. Do you want any money? No? Very well, then; good-by. You needn't trouble yourself to write to me, I'll hear about you from Hendricks; and I'd rather know what he thinks about you than what you think about yourself."

"How little you know," thought Martin, as he entered the coach, "what I am or what I think about myself. As if my purpose could be changed by words of yours!" And he smiled a smile which would have done justice to Arthur Raybold. The chill had gone out of him; he was warm again.

On the train he read the letter to Hendricks which Peter Sadler had given to him unsealed. It was a long letter, and he read it twice. Then he sat and gazed out of the window at the flying scenery for nearly half an hour, after which he read the letter again. Then he folded it up and put it into his pocket.

"If she had given me the slightest reason to hope," he said to himself, "how easy it would be to tear this letter into scraps."

Now an idea came into his mind. If he could see her mother quickly, and if she should ignore his honorable intentions and refuse to give him the opportunity to prove that he was worthy of a thought from her and her daughter, then it might not be too late to fall back on Peter Sadler's letter. But he shook his head; that would be dishonorable and unworthy of him.

He shut his eyes; he could not bear to look at the brightness of the world outside the window of the car. Under his closed lids there came to him visions, sometimes of Margery and sometimes of the forests of New Mexico. Sometimes the visions were wavering, uncertain, and transitory, and again they were strong and vivid—so plain to him that he could almost hear the leaves rustle as some wild creature turned a startled look upon him.

That night he delivered his letter to Mr. Hendricks.

XXII.—A TRANQUILLIZING BREEZE AND A HOT WIND.

AFTER Martin had left her, Margery sat on the root of the tree until Mr. Clyde came up and said he had been wondering what had become of her.

"I have been wondering that, myself," she said. "At least, I have been wondering what is going to become of me."

"Don't you intend to be a hermit?" said he.

She shook her head. "I don't think it is possible," she answered. "There is no one who is better satisfied to be alone, and who can make herself happier all by herself, and who, in all sorts of ways, can get along better without other people than I can, and yet other people are continually interfering with me, and I cannot get away from them."

Clyde smiled. "That is a pretty plain hint," he said. "I suppose I might as well take it, and go off to some hermitage of my own."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Margery. "Don't be so awfully quick in coming to conclusions. I do feel worried and troubled and bothered, and I want some one to talk to; not about things which worry me, of course, but about common ordinary things, that will make me forget."

A slight shade came over the face of Mr. Clyde, and he seated himself on the ground near Margery. "It is a shame," said he, "that you should be worried. What is it in this peaceable, beautiful forest troubles you?"

"Did you ever hear of a paradise without snakes?" she asked. "The very beauty of it makes them come there."

"I have never yet known any paradise at all," he replied. "But can't you tell me what it is that troubles you?"

Margery looked at him with her clear, large eyes. "I'll tell you," she said, "if you will promise not to do a single thing without my permission."

"I promise that," said Clyde, eagerly.

"I am troubled by people making love to me."

"People!" exclaimed Clyde, with a puzzled air.

"Yes," said she. "Your cousin is one of them."

"I might have supposed that; but who on earth can be the other one?"

"That is Martin," said Margery.

For a moment Mr. Clyde did not seem to understand; and then he exclaimed, "You don't mean the young man who cuts wood and helps Matlack?"

"Yes, I do," she answered. "And you need not shut your jaw hard and grit your teeth that way. That is exactly what he did when he found out about Mr. Raybold. It is of no use to get angry, for you can't do anything without my permission; and, besides, I tell you that if I were condemned by a court to be made love to, I would much rather have Martin make it than Mr. Raybold. Martin is a good deal more than a guide; he has a good education, and would not be here if it was not for his love of nature. He is going to make nature his object in life, and there is something noble in that; a great deal better than trying to strut about on the stage."

"And those two have really been making love to you?" asked Clyde.

"Yes, really," she answered. "You never saw people more in earnest in all your life. As for Mr. Raybold, he was as earnest as a cat after a bird. He made me furiously angry. Martin was different. He is just as earnest, but he is more of a gentleman; and when I told him what I wanted him to do, he said he would do it. But there is no use in telling your cousin what I want him to do. He is determined to persecute me and make me miserable, and there is no way of stopping it, except by making a quarrel between him and Uncle Archibald. It is a shame!" she went on. "Who could have thought that two people would have turned up to disturb me in this way."

"Margery," said Mr. Clyde, and although he called her by her Christian name she took no notice of it, "you think you have too many lovers; but you are mistaken. You have not enough; you ought to have three."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"Yes," he said, quickly; "and I want to be the third."

"And so make matters three times as bad as they were at first?" she asked.

"Not at all," said he. "When you have chosen one of them, he could easily keep away the two others."

"Do you mean," said Margery, "that if I were to agree to have three, and then, if I were to ask you to do it, you would take one of the others and go away quietly with him and leave me in peace with the third one?"

Mr. Clyde half smiled, but instantly grew serious again, and a flush came on his face. "Margery," said he, "I cannot bear trifling any more about this. No matter what anybody has said to you, whether it is any one in this camp or any one out of it, there is not a man in this world who—"

"Oh, Mr. Clyde," interrupted Margery, "you must not sit there and speak to me in such an excited way. If any one should see us they would think we were quarrelling. Let us go down to the lake; the air from the water is cool and soothing."

Together they walked from under the shade of the tree, and so wended their way that it brought them to a mass of shrubbery which edged the water a little distance down the lake. On the other side of this shrubbery was a pretty bank, which they had seen before.

"It always tranquillizes me," said Margery, as they stood side by side on the bank, "to look out over the water. Doesn't it have that effect on you?"

"No!" exclaimed Clyde. "It does not tranquillize me a bit. Nothing could tranquillize me at a moment like this. Margery, I want you to know that I love you. I did not intend to tell you so soon, but what you have said makes it necessary. I have loved you ever since I met you at Peter Sadler's, and, no matter what you say about it, I shall love you to the end of my life."

"Even if I should send you away with one of the others?"

"Yes; no matter what you do."

"That would be wrong," she said.

"It doesn't matter. Right or wrong, I'd do it."

Margery gave him a glance from which it would have been impossible to eliminate all signs of admiration. "And if I were to arrange it otherwise," she said, "would you undertake to keep the others away?"

There was no answer to this question, but in a minute afterward Clyde exclaimed, "Do you think any one would dare to come near you if they saw you now?"

"Hardly," said Margery, raising her head from his shoulder and looking up into his sparkling eyes. "Really, Harrison, you ought not to speak in such a loud voice. If Aunt Harriet were to hear you she might dare to come."

Margery was late at dinner, although the horn was blown three times.

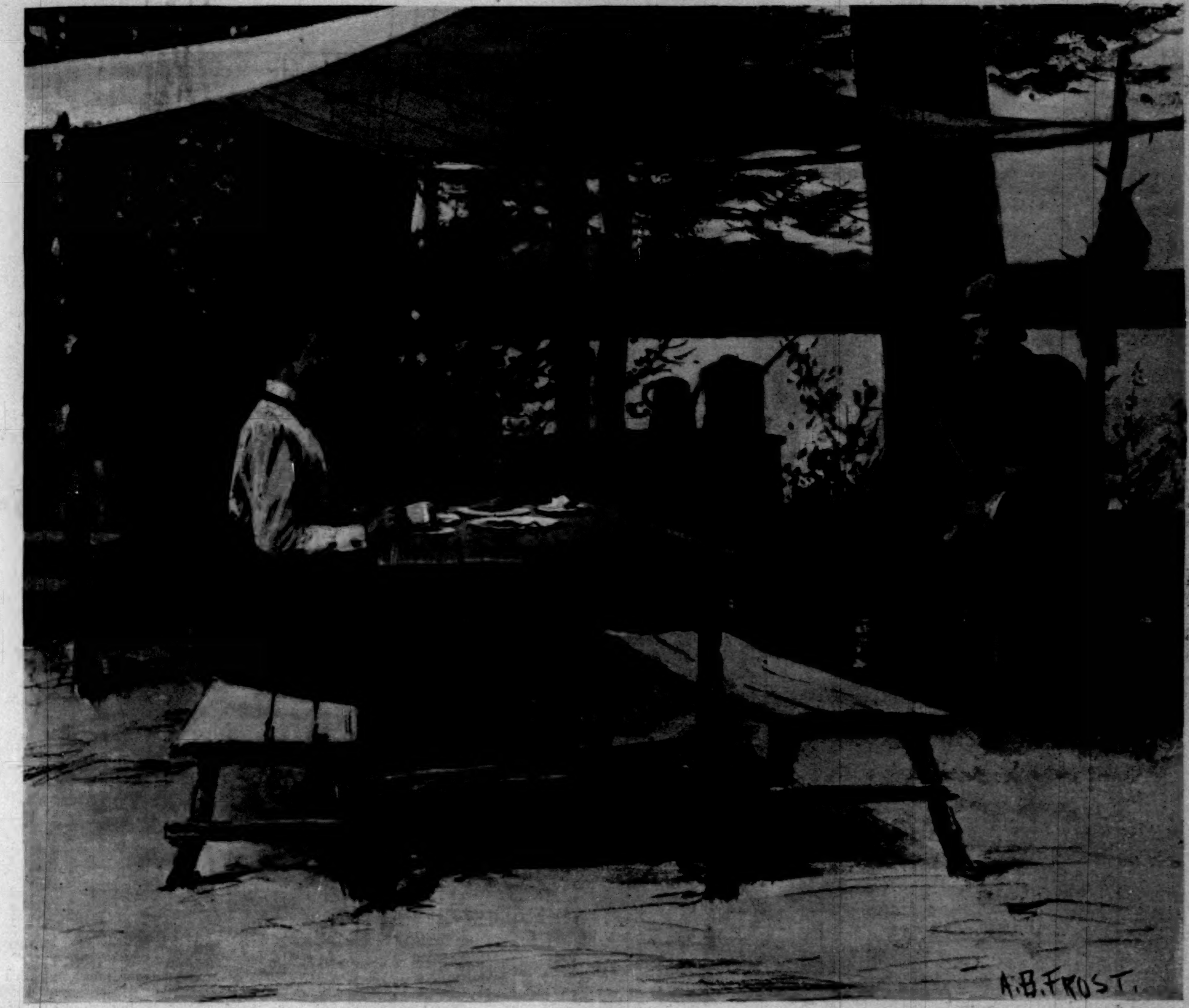
Much to the surprise of his wife, Mr. Archibald returned to camp about an hour before dinner.

"How is this?" she exclaimed. "Wasn't the fishing good?"

"I have had a disagreeable experience," he said, "and I will tell you about it. I was fishing in a little cove some distance down the lake and having good sport, when I heard a thumping, and looking around I saw Raybold

---

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.



"MISS RAYBOLD DID NOT APPEAR TO NOTICE HIS STATE OF MIND, AND ATE HEARTILY."

in a boat rowing toward me. I suppose he thought he was rowing, but he was really floating with the current; but as he neared me he suddenly pulled his boat toward me with such recklessness that I was afraid he would run into me. I considered his rowing into the cove to be a piece of bad manners, for of course it would spoil my fishing, but I had no idea he actually intended to lay alongside of me. This he did, however, and so awkwardly that his boat struck mine with such force that it half tipped it over. Then he lay hold of my gunwale, and said he had something to say to me.

"I was as angry as if a man in the street had knocked my hat down over my eyes and said that he did so in order to call my attention to a subscription paper. But this indignation was nothing to what I felt when the fellow began to speak. I cannot repeat his words, but he stated his object at once, and said that as this was a good opportunity to speak to me alone, he wished to ask me to remove what he called the utterly useless embargo which I had placed upon him in regard to Margery. He said it was useless, because he could not be expected to give up his hopes and his plans simply because I objected to them; and he went on to say that if I understood him fully, and if Margery understood him, he did not believe that either of us would object. And then he actually asked me to use my influence with her to make her listen to him. From what he said, I am sure he has been speaking to her. I did not let him finish, but turned and blazed at him in words as strong as would come to me. I ordered him never to speak to me again or show himself in my camp, and that if he did either of these things he would do them at his peril; and then, for fear he might say something which would make me lose control of myself, I jerked up my anchor and rowed away from him. I didn't feel like fishing any more, and so I came back."

"His behavior is shameful," said Mrs. Archibald. "And what is more, it is ridiculous, for Margery would not look at him. What sort of a man does he think you are, to suppose that you would give your permission to any one, no matter who he might be, to offer marriage to a young lady in your charge? But what are you going to do about it? I think it very likely he will come to this camp, and he may speak to you."

"In that case I shall have him driven out," said Mr. Archibald, "as if he were a drunken vagabond. I personally shall have nothing to do with him, but I shall order my guides to eject him."

"I hope that may not be necessary," said his wife. "It would make bad feeling, and deeply wound his sister, for it would be the same thing as putting her out. She talks too much, to be sure, but she is a lady, and has treated us all very courteously. I wish we could get through the rest of our stay here without any disturbance or bad feeling."

"I wish so too, with all my heart," said her husband. "And the only thing necessary to that end is that that ass Raybold shall keep out of my sight."

It was about two o'clock that afternoon, and Mrs. Archibald, under her tree, her basket of stockings all darned, and her novel at its culminating point of interest, was the only visible occupant of Camp Rob, when Corona Raybold came walking toward her, an obvious purpose in her handsome face, which was somewhat flushed by exercise.

"I do not think," she said, as soon as she was near enough for Mrs. Archibald to hear her, "that the true purpose and intention of our plan is properly understood by all of the party. I think, after some explanation, everything will go well, but I have been endeavoring for the last half-hour to find Mrs. Perkenpine, and have utterly failed. I am very hungry, but I can discover nothing to eat. All our stores appear to be absolutely raw, or in some intermediate state of crudity. I intend to order some provisions in cans or boxes which will be at all times available, but I have not done so yet, and so I have come over to speak to you about the matter. Did your guides prepare your dinner as usual?"

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Archibald. "A hermit life seems to make no difference with Mr. Matlack. We become associates at meal-times, but, as you see, we have separated again."

"I must instil into Mrs. Perkenpine's mind," said Corona, "that, in order thoroughly to act out her own nature, she must cook and do other things of a domestic character. Of course she will do those things in her own way; that is to be expected; but she must do them. It is impossible to imagine a woman of her class whose soul is not set more or less upon domestic affairs. I will instance Mr. Matlack. His nature belongs to the woods and the out-of-door world, and that nature prompts him to cook what he shoots."

Mrs. Archibald laughed. "I think his nature is a very good one," she said; "and I will go with you to find him and see if he cannot give you a luncheon, if not a dinner."

"Thank you very much," said Corona; "but indeed I do not wish to trouble you. I will go to him myself. You are very kind, but it is not in the least degree necessary for you to accompany me. A cup of tea and some little trifle is all I shall ask him for."

For a moment Mrs. Archibald hesitated, and then she said, "As we are hermits, I suppose we must not keep together any more than we can help, and so I will let you go alone."

Corona found Phil Matlack by his kitchen tent, busily engaged in rubbing the inside of a large kettle. He was not in a good humor. The departure of Martin had thrown all the work of his camp upon him, and now the appearance of a person from another camp requesting to be fed aroused him to absolute anger. He did not scold; it would have been impossible to look at that beautiful and imperturbable face and say hard words to it. He did not refuse the cup of tea or the bread and butter for which he was asked, and even added some cold meat; but he indignantly made up his mind that he would stand no more of this nonsense, and that if necessary he would go to Sadler and throw up the job. He had not engaged to cook for three camps.

Miss Raybold did not appear to notice his state of mind, and ate heartily. She thought it was fortunate that he happened to have the kettle on the stove, and she asked him how he liked the hermit life—the living for himself alone.

"Haven't tried it," he answered, curtly.

"I understand," said Corona, "you have had to live too much for other people; but it is too soon to expect our plan to run smoothly. In a short time, however, we shall be better able to know our own natures and show them to others."

"Oh, I can do that," said he; "and I am goin' to, precious soon."

"I have no doubt of it," she answered. "And now can you tell me where Mr. Archibald has gone? I did not see him this morning, and there are some matters I wish to speak to him about."

"No, miss," said Matlack, promptly; "I don't know where he is. He's a real hermit. He's off by himself, most likely miles away."

Corona reflected. "Mr.—the bishop? Have you seen him? He may be able to—"

The guide grinned grimly. He had seen the man of muscle—not fat—conversing that morning with Corona, and an hour afterward he had seen him, not in the same place, but in the same companionship, and it gave him a certain pleasure to know that the man who could heave rocks and break young trees could not relieve himself from the thralls of the lady of the flowing speech.

"The bishop?" said he. "Don't you know where he went to?"

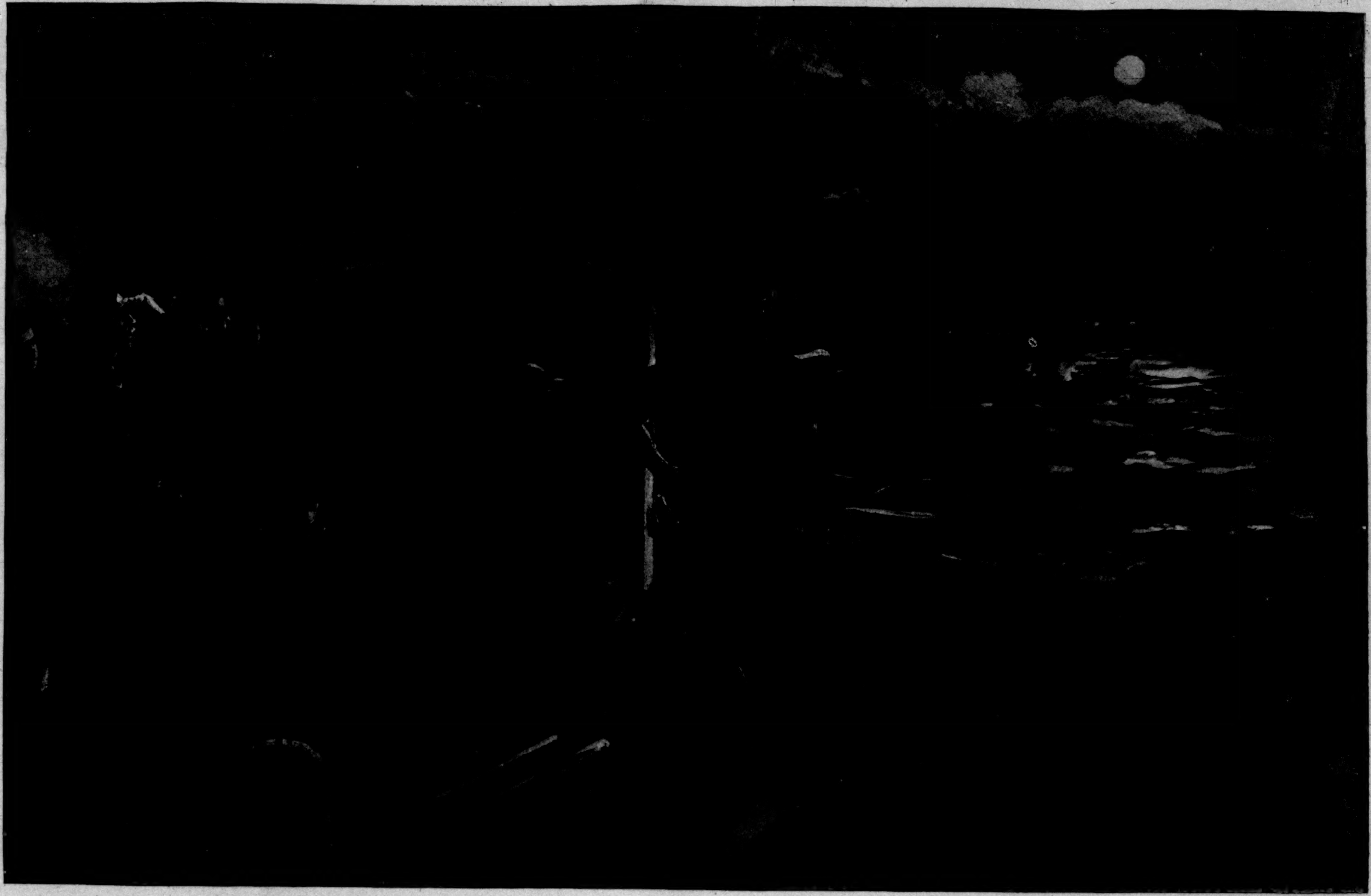
"He left me," she answered, "because he was obliged to go to prepare dinner for my brother and Mr. Clyde; but he is not in Camp Roy now, for I went there to look for Mrs. Perkenpine."

"Well," said the wicked Matlack, pointing to the spot where, not long before, Margery had found a tranquillizing breeze, "I saw him going along with a book a little while ago, and I think he went down to the shore, just beyond that clump of bushes over there. He seems to be a man who likes readin', which isn't a bad thing for a hermit."

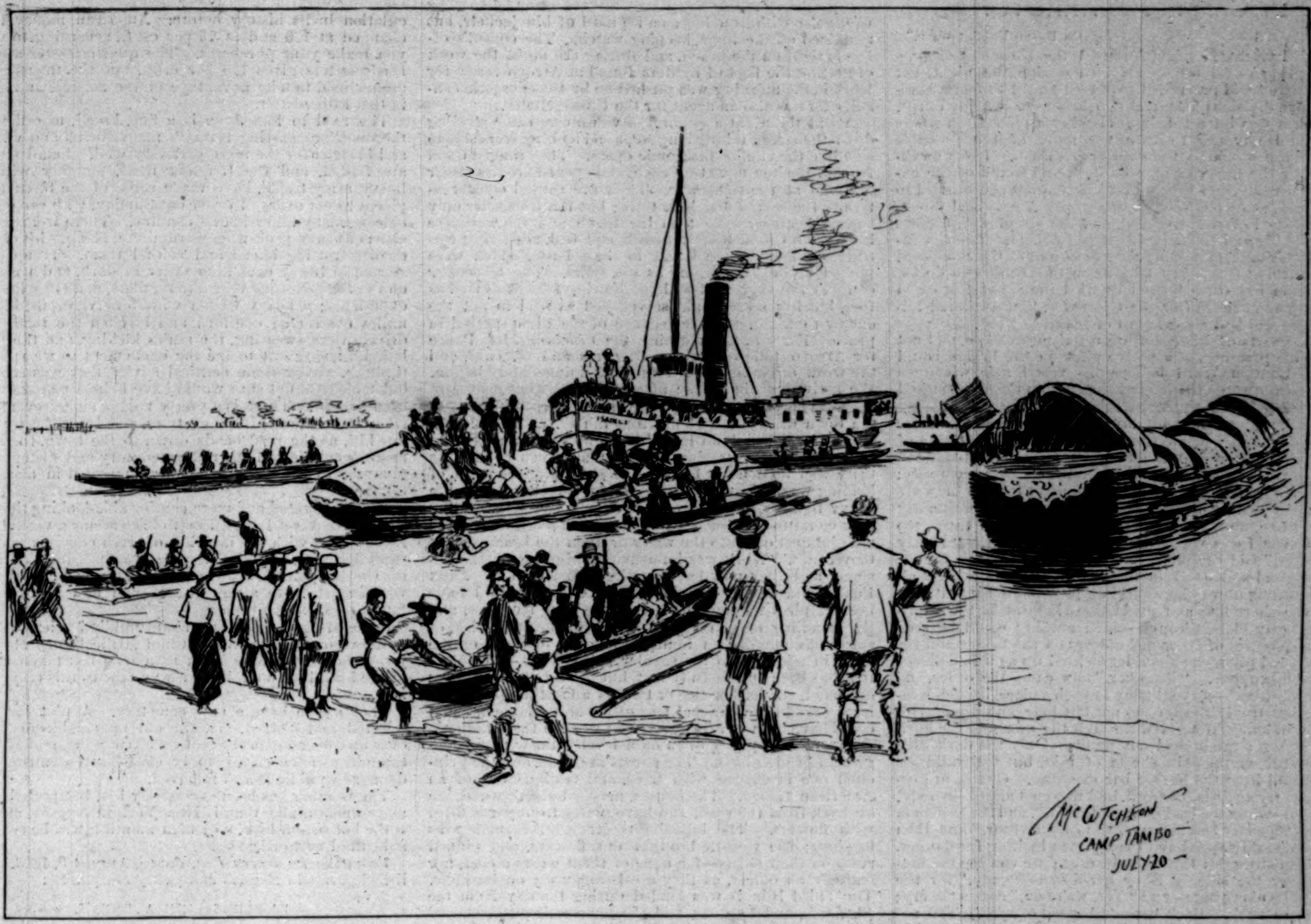
"Thank you," said Miss Raybold, rising. "I do not care for anything more. You are very kind, and I am quite sure I shall not have to trouble you again. To-morrow everything will be running smoothly."

Matlack looked at her as she quietly walked away. "She's a pretty sort of a hermit," he said to himself. "If she really had to live by herself she'd cut out a wooden man and talk to it all day. It won't be long before she accidentally stumbles over that big fellow with his book."

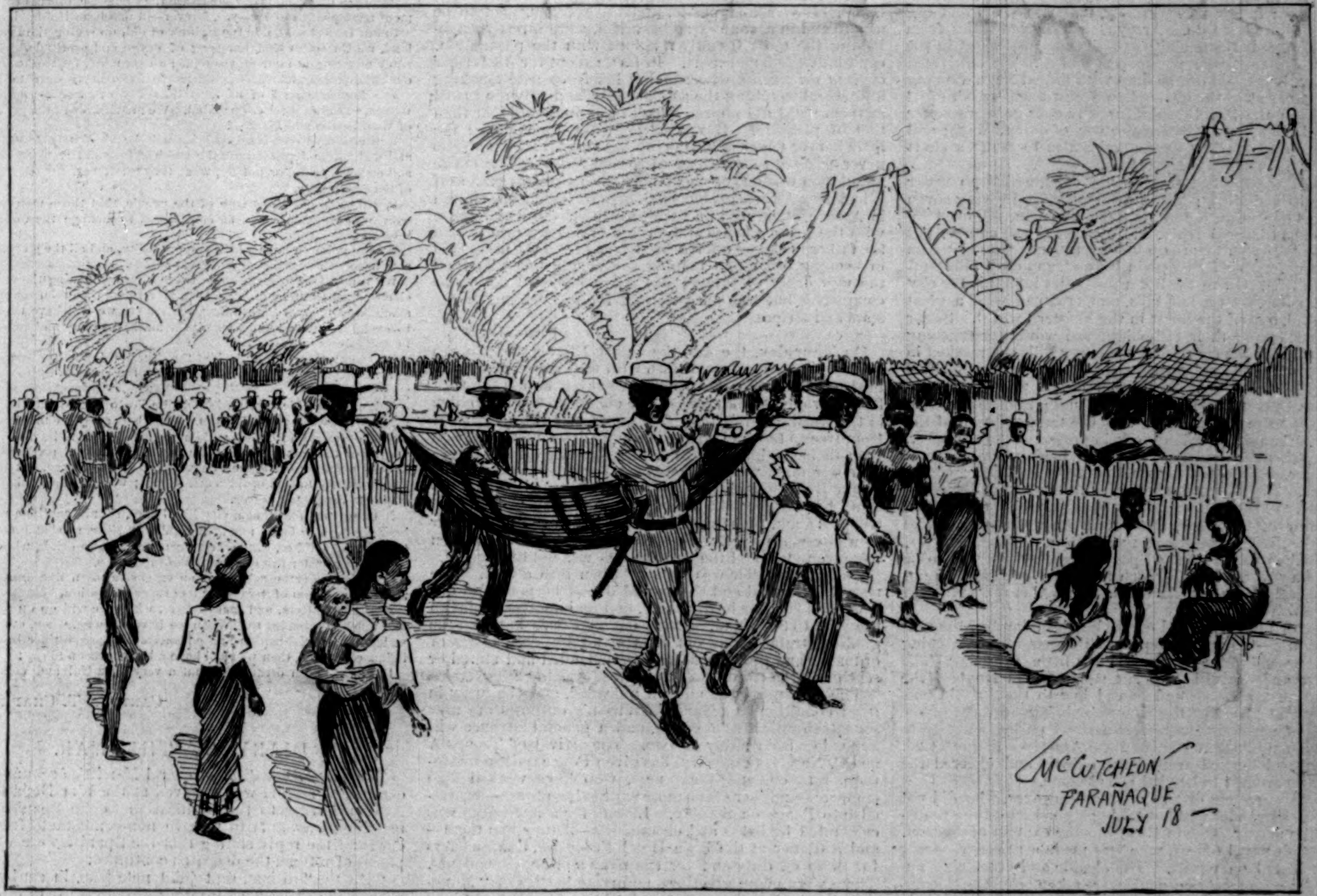
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



ON THE BLOCKADE OFF SAN JUAN—"UNDER THE CRUISER'S GUNS."—DRAWN BY RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM.


McCutcheon
Camp Tambo
July 20

1st COLORADO VOLUNTEERS LANDING ON THE BEACH NEAR CAMP TAMBO—CRUISER "BOSTON" IN REAR OF "ISABEL."


McCutcheon
Parañaque
July 18

BRINGING IN A WOUNDED INSURGENT FROM THE TRENCHES NEAR MALATE.

OUR ARMY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Sketches by John T. McCutcheon, Special Artist with General Merritt's Troops.

HOW THE STARS AND STRIPES CAME TO ARROYO.

ON BOARD U.S.S. "WASP."

AT daylight, Monday, August 1, the *Wasp* and *Gloucester*, acting under orders received during the night, got under way and proceeded to the eastward to find a landing for a division of General Brooke's Second Army Corps, which it was intended should land at a point from where it could advance to turn the flank of the probable Spanish position on the road to San Juan. I was awakened by the hurry of men on deck and sound of the engines turning, and jumped into my clothes and hurried to the bridge to see what was going on. A gray and threatening sky lowered overhead, and the sleeping transports loomed big and black as we swept by them. The *Cincinnati*, *Columbia*, and *Massachusetts* swung at their anchors, the morning watch just turning to to scrub down decks. We soon left them behind us with the silent town and harbor, and raced after the *Gloucester*, that anchored farther out and had a good start of the little *Wasp*.

The charts of this coast are utterly unreliable, and not even the presence of a native pilot on the bridge could make Captain Ward believe his vessel safe when we turned in towards the land at the spot on the map marked Port Jobos, five fathoms by the chart and only three by the lead. That would not do; and as we saw the *Gloucester* draw off, and the white line of breakers on either side of the entrance, not even the assurances of the dark-skinned gentleman referred to could make the passage seem safe; so slow speed was rung, and as we crept toward the only spot of smooth water the lead was kept going constantly—now five, now seven, and then shoaling to three, too little even for a vessel drawing thirteen feet. "Plenty of water," said the pilot; and there was just then, for the squalls and spills of rain that had kept the decks wet all the morning now culminated in a perfect deluge that shut out the shore-line and made the windows in the chart-house gray blots, through which nothing could be seen but the figures of oil-coated officers on the bridge and the barefooted pilot, one shoulder twisted up as if in defiance of the downpour. "Stop her," now came the order, and "Slow astern"—no venturing in such a place, in such weather; but tropic showers do not last long, and presently a gleam of sunlight showed through the rain, and the horizon at sea straightened out again. Only the dark hills were still wrapped in sheets of rain, but we could see them and hear the harbor bar moaning. Orders are orders, so try again is the word, and we shoot ahead—slowly, though—while the lead goes continually, and the leadsman cries, "Quarter less seven—five fathom—four," and then "three"—slow speed and twenty men looking for danger. The sun struggles through the mist; we can see the bottom over the side. "Slow her down—steady," for the swell lifts along here—and "Yes, we're on," comes the cry; "we've struck. Back her—full speed astern." The engines respond, and off we go, leaving a trail of muddy water as long as the ship—good work, for if we had trusted the chart or the pilot we would have been stuck sure; but a careful skipper takes no chances, and the *Wasp* is free as ever.

The *Gloucester* is off now to the eastward, hailing us, for they see there is no getting in there. "We are going to Arroyo; follow us." Follow, indeed! We'll find our own way, and we do. Arroyo, thirty-seven miles from Ponce, port of the fine city of Guayama, and right in the midst of many large plantations and a fertile cultivated country, is marked on the map with dotted lines, showing uncertainty as to the channel and coast-line. Think of it! Islands in the Pacific where nobody ever goes are better charted; but that is the Spanish way of doing things; and they would not allow the United States to make a chart of their possessions. Never!

Shoals are marked that do not exist, and deep water where it is shallow; but in we go, the lead giving seven fathoms one minute and fourteen the next, followed by five—a bad bottom truly, and a guess at the course; but in time the town looms up before us, straggling along on the beach, with a fertile plain beyond, and dark hills shut in with rain. Off to the left a few miles inland is the city of Guayama, set on low hills, and crowned with a great cathedral, one of the finest in the Western world. Sugar plantations and their tall-chimneyed works for crushing the cane line the shore, and the lower hills are marked in squares of varied color that remind one of the well-tilled hill-sides of France. Altogether it is a pretty and prepossessing country, and so much more interesting than Cuba as to make us agree that the term "Queen of the Antilles" ought to belong to it in preference to any other.

The *Gloucester* had come to anchor, in about five fathoms of water, off the town, at a few minutes before eleven o'clock. We followed, anchoring just astern and slightly outside, at 11.06. Both ships were cleared for action, and the crew of the *Wasp*, fresh from their victory at Nipe over the *Jorge Juan*, were eager to try again their powers, and looked in vain for a Spanish flag. None was to be seen, however. Four French flags and one English union-jack floated over the town. That was all. No sign of Spanish colors.

A crowd had gathered on the beach in front of the custom-house—the entire population apparently—watching the approach of the boat carrying a little white flag. The alcalde and the village priest stood out in front of the crowd on the beach and bowed low to the Americanos. Lieutenant Wood of the *Gloucester* informed them of the terms of surrender, and after a short parley went up to the custom-house and hoisted the American flag at 11.28. The crowd flocked around the officers and cheered the flag, and seemed to be glad it had come.

There were one or two citizens, however, who did not want to surrender without taking a good long time to discuss the matter. One of these was the captain of the port, a Spanish naval officer, who was made a prisoner of war and released on parole. The alcalde and other civil authorities, with foreign consuls, were taken off to the *Gloucester*, and the town formally surrendered to the United States. The small force of regulars and volunteers stationed at Arroyo had retreated in haste to Guayama, and a messenger was sent demanding the surrender immediately of the city and forces. Meantime the *Wasp* made careful soundings about the harbor, establishing the course, so that the *St. Louis* and other large vessels could find their way in without trouble.

During the night the British consul, whose life had been threatened by the soldiers, took his family to the consulate, and many women and children flocked there for protection, and all passed an anxious night. The *Gloucester* withdrew her small guard of bluejackets, but remained off the town, keeping watch. The consul's office is right on the beach, and during the night the work of getting the fleet of lighters found at Arroyo ready for work in the morning was pushed on by the energetic consul, who was also an agent for the United States.

About midnight a column of volunteers came stealing down the street, taking long steps and looking from side to side like the villains in a comic opera. They ranged up in front of the houses on the beach, and opened fire from their Mausers at the *Gloucester*. Their fire caused consternation to the scared people in town; but the *Gloucester* only turned her search-light on the beach and the would-be heroes, who immediately turned and fled, scattering cartridges all along the street in their haste, which were picked up in the morning as souvenirs. The *Gloucester* couldn't fire very well without hurting friends as well as foes, but her search-light served just as well to put the enemy to flight, and the balance of the night passed in peace. Early in the morning the *Cincinnati* left Ponce for Arroyo, followed by the *St. Louis* and *St. Paul*, and the work of landing the troops was immediately begun. We arrived again in the afternoon, and went ashore at once. The presence of Spanish troops in the outskirts of the town drew a few shots from the *St. Louis* and *Cincinnati*, which did no harm, so far as known, except to kill some cattle grazing in the broad green fields. As there was no dock or facilities of any kind, the work of landing was somewhat slow. Ships' launches towed the heavy lighters, crowded with men and stores, as near as they could to the beach, when they were poled in, and the men jumped out into the water or upon the beach as best they could. Work was immediately begun on a landing-stage, and they now have a quite sufficient one. As at Ponce, and before that in Cuba, the army would have been helpless without the aid of the navy launches, and the handling of so many men and great quantities of stores has entailed an immense amount of work on the boats in addition to the regular ships' work—a demand that has been successfully met, but should not be always expected. A harbor tug or two as a forethought would have saved the wear and tear of the ships' launches, and could have been left for permanent work in these harbors.

Arroyo is a pretty town on a level plain with a background of high hills. The streets are wide, and the principal one is shaded with trees, and reminds one of an American village. The houses, mostly built of wood, are set back from the road, and have pretty front yards filled with flowers. The inhabitants greeted the soldiers as brothers; the women brought out flowers, and pinned roses on their shirts—for none of them wears a coat, nor scarcely an officer, as they are here purely on business. The Third Illinois was landed during the day from the *St. Louis*, and by dusk had the town well guarded, and its outpost far on the road to Guayama. Late in the afternoon a skirmish took place, with no harm done on our side. From the headquarters of Major Bennett, on the top of the building in which the British consul has his office, we could see the troops moving up the road, and the reports of their rifles and little puffs of smoke caused a temporary excitement; otherwise it was the most delightful war imaginable, and the soldiers, glad to be ashore and in a country so beautiful, were already establishing the most friendly relations with the population, especially the female part. In fact, except for the former *capitan del puerto*, who stood at his front gate smoking a pipe and watching the soldiers pass, and frowning hard at them too, I did not see a look or expression other than that of pleasure. It was a great day for Arroyo; the little harbor never saw so many big ships, and the streets never echoed to the tread of so many men. The entire population was out-of-doors too, and was just as glad as if it had been American always. There is a handsome church in Arroyo, standing in a little square off the main street, with the priest's house embowered in flowers near it, and the father in charge offered his services from the first to aid in keeping order and helping the people to understand the new order of things; but Arroyo needed not to be conquered, but was only waiting for the coming of the stars and stripes.

PONCE, *August 9.*

On Thursday, the 4th, the Third Illinois and Fourth Ohio regiments had a skirmish with the enemy, who occupied a position in the woods extending across the road from Arroyo to Guayama. The enemy were well hidden in the woods, and it took five hours of Indian fighting, from tree to tree and bush to bush, to drive them out; and with their smokeless powder they had a great advantage over our men, whose whereabouts was exposed by the smoke from their rifles at every discharge. It finally became too hot for the Spaniards, and they retreated to Guayama, and then through the town, firing back on their own city when our forces occupied it. Five of our men were wounded, and the Spanish loss was not discovered.

One dead soldier was found thrown into a well. The rest of their dead and the wounded had been carried off. Guayama is a fine healthy city, and an important point on the road to San Juan. Every day at Ponce has seen the gradual straightening out of army affairs—vast stores of ordnance and provisions have been landed and stored or sent on to the front.

The transports are now all unloaded, and the army in good condition to advance. Wilson's outposts are now seventeen miles from Ponce, and a general advance will be made within a day or two. The arrival of Troops A and C, New York cavalry, has given Ponce quite a metropolitan touch, and these men, who have worked like troopers—and there is no more expressive phrase—swarmed into Ponce on Sunday. Liberty for a few hours was celebrated by baths and clean shirts—if they had them—and a dinner at the little Hotel Française, headquarters for those off duty and for the navy and correspondents. There were many greetings, and more bottles of "Monopole" opened than ever before in the history of one day in Ponce, I am sure, and it is not often that soldiers at $15 60 per month ride expensive horses and drink champagne. This was an incident only of the peaceful occupation of Ponce. The rule has been *work*, night and day, and the New York men have sweated and toiled as hard as the regulars.

A theatrical troupe—from the Bowery, I should judge—which has been "doing" the West Indies this summer, has just arrived in Ponce from St. Thomas, and is advertised to open at the handsome theatre here. Business is booming, and the town never had so much money in circulation in its history before. American money is exchanged at 100 and at 75 per cent., according to where you make your purchases. The quartermaster at army headquarters gives 100 per cent., but the towns-people are inclined to take advantage of the soldiers and sailors in that little matter.

The road to San Juan is a fine, broad, macadamized thoroughfare, passing through many towns and villages, and bridged for the most part very well. Small streams are forded, and the frequent rains, together with the heavy army traffic, have made some of the fords tough places to get over. I drove out Sunday, with some naval officers, many miles in the country. There were processions of heavy pack-wagons rumbling along, with cavalry escorts trotting ahead and behind them. Troop C got started in heavy campaign order at dark, and passed us on the road, looking very like regulars, and enjoying their experience; a heavy wagon with four vigorous, kicking mules obstructed one ford and blocked the road. The drivers were swearing, the mules kicking, and the population turning out to see the excitement as we splashed through, giving some nautical advice that was scorned, but which we felt sure would have helped matters had it been heeded. There is a pretty village about seven miles from Ponce, nestled among trees, and from the top of a low hill, as the road bends down to the town, there is a magnificent view of the rolling country and distant hills, glimpses of big trees and houses snuggled in masses of foliage.

Well cultivated and more comfortable-looking than any spot in the West Indies, Puerto Rico seems a veritable El Dorado, and with the infusion of fresh energy and more equitable laws, this fair island has vast possibilities before it. On this point I enclose an editorial from a Ponce paper, which starts with a new name—and new sentiments, I fancy—just at this time.

Some of these sentiments about public hygiene are due to the vigorous measures of Chief Medical Inspector Major Woodbury, a New York man, who has taken charge of the local health affairs in a way new to this easy-going race.

They are to have a new cemetery. A plot has been selected and blessed, and the old burying-ground, used over and over again for two hundred years, and right in the midst of the city, is to be closed, and one source of danger to public health removed.

The weather has been excessively hot, but probably not more unendurable than is New York in August, and this is the hot season here, too; next month it will be comfortable, the Puerto-Ricans say.

From the *La Nueva Era*, Ponce, August 8, 1898. Published partly in English and partly in Spanish:

IT SEEMS LIKE A DREAM.

Yes, it does seem like a dream, that the flag of the United States, should be waving over Ponce guaranteeing all the longings for prosperity and happiness, that filled our soul, for this our beloved island of Porto Rico.

As true disciples of the Republican doctrine, we never forsook our ideal, and never bowed our head before the false idols of Monarchism, which only serve to corrupt and make abject slaves of men.

Immense therefore is our joy to see the Republican form of government triumphant forever—yes, forever—in this beautiful land.

In our inmost soul, like the Hebrew of old, on seeing the Promised land, we lift up to God our song of praise and gratitude. We are ready now to go to our graves with an easy mind, for we know, that our children are, and will be, citizens of a free and truly great country.

The immense load of mistrust does not overwhelm us with its weight, nor does it fetter our mind. We are citizens of the great land of Washington and Lincoln!

Henceforward our Municipalities will be absolutely Autonomons and will not be dependent on the smile or frown of our former Lords and masters, to do, or not do, what they think best for the interests of the community.

It will be by the direct vote of the people, that those men thought worthy of confidence will be empowered to manage the Communal interests.

We are going to have all the responsibility, and all the glory, of our actions as an integral part of a great people.

We will be free to legislate on everything concerning the suffrage, electoral procedure, etc., in fact, on all matters that refer to our local administration and government. If we err we will have no one to blame but ourselves, but if we hit the mark, the glory and benefit will be exclusively our own.

We ought, therefore, to look at the situation full in the face and begin to prepare ourselves to enter into the community of civilized peoples.

It is not possible that an island like Porto Rico should be longer without Railways, roads, bridges, and harbors adequate to the requirements of modern traffic; without a Postal and Telegraph service worthy of the name; without having its agricultural products better known in the consuming markets, especially its tobacco, not inferior, by any means, to that of the Vuelta-abajo; without developing its industry to the proper degree.

It is not possible that a city like Ponce, should continue with an inefficient Police force, nor with Public Hygiene, so abandoned, that for want of a Filter, in the Aqueduct, we have to drink, when there are freshets, water full of all kinds of impurities.

It is no longer bearable that an extensive town like ours should not have a system of Sewers for its proper Sanitation.

All these matters, and many others, which we will go on pointing out, must be attended to. When we have done so, when, everything which means civilization and advancement, spread their beneficent influence over us, then we shall have a better reason to say:

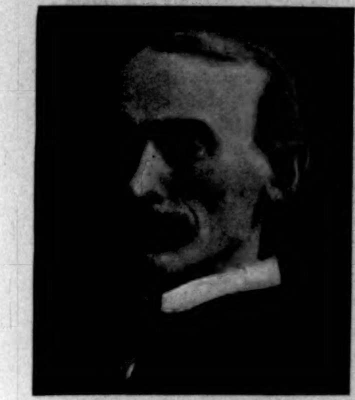
It seems like a dream, yes, but a very beautiful and comforting dream.

CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

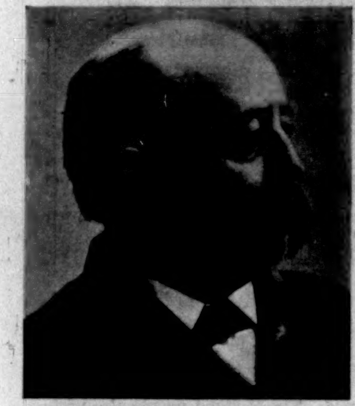
Thursday, August 18.—General Merritt's account of the capture of Manila was received at the War Department. After referring to the notification to the Spanish commander (August 7) to remove non-combatants from the city, and the reply stating that the Spanish were without places of refuge, the despatch continues:

"On the 9th inst. sent joint note [*i.e.*, in conjunction with Admiral Dewey] inviting attention to sufferings in store for sick and non-combatants in case it became our duty to reduce defences, also setting forth hopeless condition of Spanish forces, surrounded on all sides, fleet in front, no prospects of re-enforcements, and demanded surrender as due to every consideration of humanity. Same date received reply admitting their situation, but stating council of defence declares request for surrender cannot be granted, but offered to consult government if time was

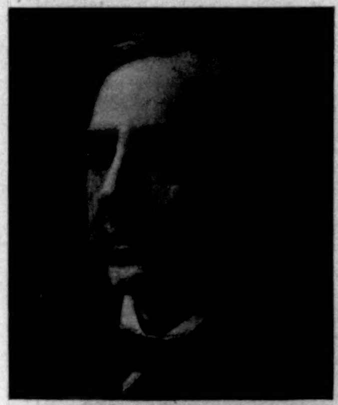


WILLIAM R. DAY,
Secretary of State.

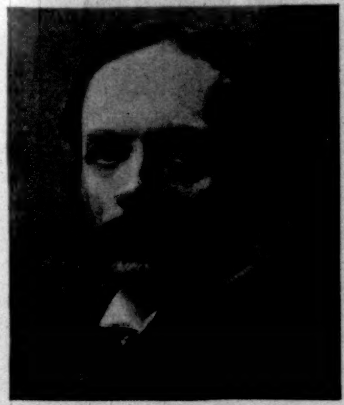
EDWARD DOUGLASS WHITE,
Associate Justice United States Supreme Court.



CUSHMAN K. DAVIS,
United States Senator from Minnesota.



WILLIAM P. FRYE,
United States Senator from Maine.



WHITELAW REID,
Formerly United States Minister to France.

THE PEACE COMMISSION.

granted necessary for communication *viâ* Hong-kong. Joint note in reply, declining. On 13th joined with navy in attack, with following results: After about half an hour's accurate shelling of the Spanish line, McArthur's brigade on right and Greene's on left, under Anderson, made vigorous attack, and carried Spanish works.... Behavior of troops excellent; co-operation of the navy most valuable. Troops advanced rapidly on walled city, upon which white flag shown, and town capitulated.... Insurgents kept out. No disorder or pillage."

Friday, August 19.—In Madrid it is said that the Cortes will meet about the middle of September, to provide the indispensable authorization for the signing of articles of peace on the part of Spain.

Saturday, August 20.—General Merritt cables the terms of the capitulation of Manila: "The Spanish troops, European and native, capitulate, *with the city and defences*, with all honors of war," etc. In another despatch he states that our loss in the assault was five killed and forty-three wounded.

Naval parade in New York Harbor. The cruisers and battle-ships *New York, Iowa, Indiana, Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Oregon,* and *Texas* passed in review.

Monday, August 22.—A general order issued to-day, in relation to the volunteers, prescribes that a thorough physical examination shall be made of officers and enlisted men immediately prior to their muster out. The records are to be preserved in view of pension claims arising from war service.

An elaborate report by General Calixto Garcia on the operations of the Cuban forces at Santiago was published to-day, and together with this the information is received that his resignation has been accepted by the "insurgent government."

Tuesday, August 23.—A despatch from Manila states that General Merritt has relinquished to General Otis the immediate command of our forces at that point, and has assumed his duties as Military Governor. Improvement is noted in the attitude of the insurgents toward the Americans.

Wednesday, August 24.—At a conference between our commanders and the leaders of the Philippine insurgents, the latter declared they were willing to co-operate with the Americans, and to surrender their arms promptly if assured of American or British protection. Otherwise they refuse to disarm.

Orders have been issued at Washington for the mustering out of sixteen organizations in the volunteer army.

Secretary Alger arrived at Camp Wikoff, Montauk Point. In the evening, after having inspected the camp, he said, "I am very agreeably surprised with the whole situation." Rather more encouraging than such misplaced cheerfulness was the Secretary's promise that the conditions should be improved in many particulars, and without delay.

M. W.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

RAISED TO HEALTH.

MORE infants have been nourished with Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk than by all other so-called infant foods combined. Thousands of mothers testify to its merit.—[*Adv.*]

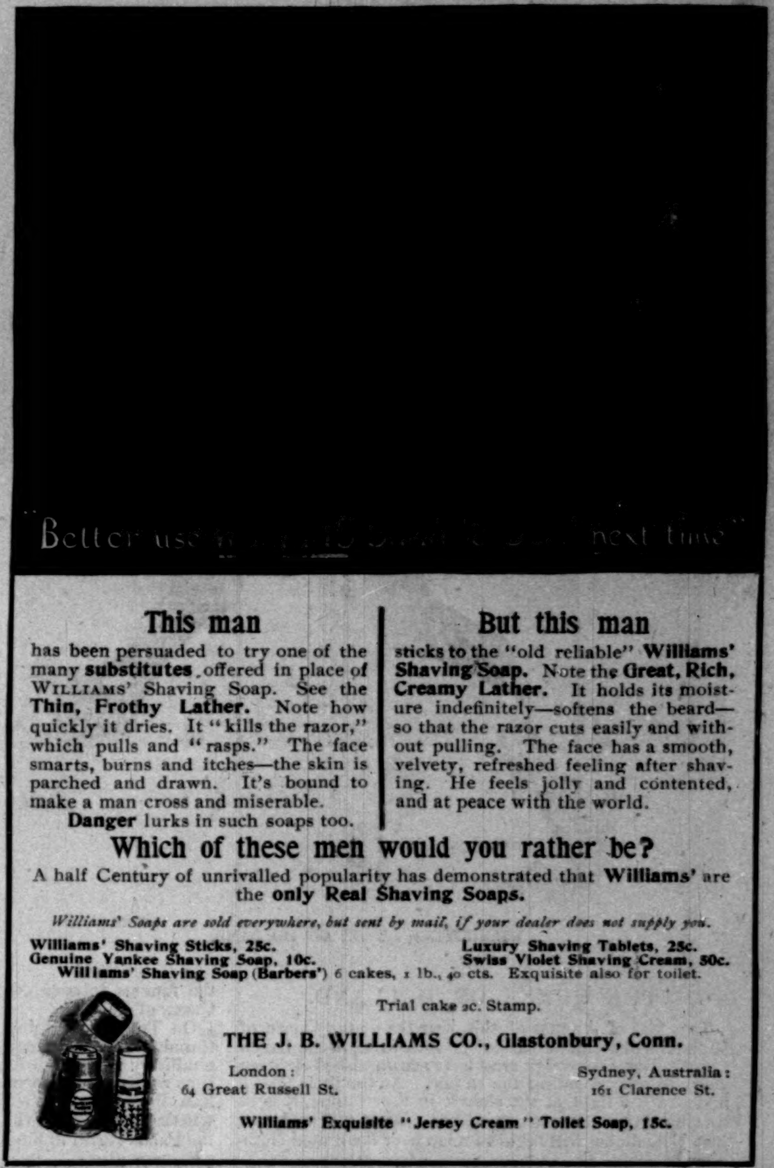
BANISH the blues by taking ABBOTT'S—The ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS—lightens heart, helps health.—[*Adv.*]

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Improved BOSTON GARTER
Is the recognized STANDARD for MEN'S WEAR.
Keeps the Stocking Free from Wrinkles
DOES NOT BIND
THE *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP
Lies flat to the leg. Does not tear the stocking, and will not unfasten accidentally.
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sample Pair by Mail { Silk. 50c. Cotton, 25c.
GEORGE FROST CO.
BOSTON, MASS.



This man

has been persuaded to try one of the many **substitutes** offered in place of WILLIAMS' Shaving Soap. See the **Thin, Frothy Lather.** Note how quickly it dries. It "kills the razor," which pulls and "rasps." The face smarts, burns and itches—the skin is parched and drawn. It's bound to make a man cross and miserable.

Danger lurks in such soaps too.

But this man

sticks to the "old reliable" **Williams' Shaving Soap.** Note the **Great, Rich, Creamy Lather.** It holds its moisture indefinitely—softens the beard—so that the razor cuts easily and without pulling. The face has a smooth, velvety, refreshed feeling after shaving. He feels jolly and contented, and at peace with the world.

Which of these men would you rather be?

A half Century of unrivalled popularity has demonstrated that **Williams'** are the **only Real Shaving Soaps.**

Williams' Soaps are sold everywhere, but sent by mail, if your dealer does not supply you.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, 25c. **Luxury Shaving Tablets, 25c.**
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10c. **Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50c.**
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers') 6 cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for toilet.

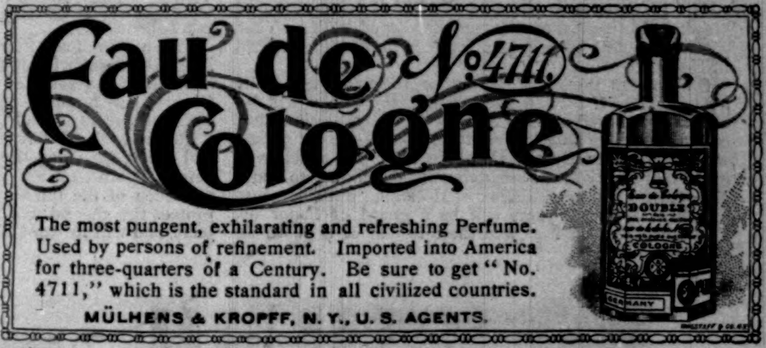
Trial cake 2c. Stamp.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

London:
64 Great Russell St.

Sydney, Australia:
161 Clarence St.

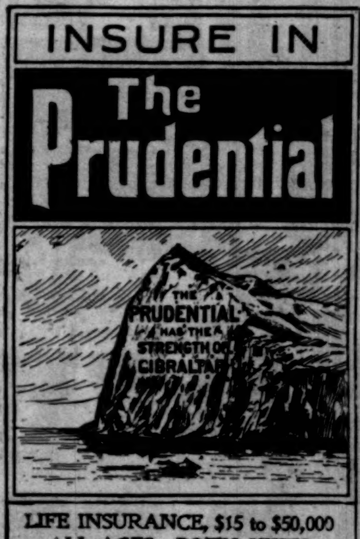
Williams' Exquisite "Jersey Cream" Toilet Soap, 15c.



Eau de Cologne No. 4711.

The most pungent, exhilarating and refreshing Perfume. Used by persons of refinement. Imported into America for three-quarters of a Century. Be sure to get "No. 4711," which is the standard in all civilized countries.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, N. Y., U. S. AGENTS.



INSURE IN The Prudential

LIFE INSURANCE, $15 to $50,000
ALL AGES....BOTH SEXES
Write for information
THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA...
John F. Dryden, Pres. Home Office: Newark, N. J.
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

BOKER'S BITTERS

The oldest and best Specific against dyspepsia; an appetizer and a promoter of digestion.
Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

THIRTY-SECOND NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT OF G. A. R. AT CINCINNATI, O.

Reduced Rates via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the thirty-second National Encampment of G. A. R., to be held at Cincinnati, O., September 5 to 10, 1898, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets at rate of *single fare for the round trip.*

These tickets will be sold on September 3, 4, and 5, and will be good to leave Cincinnati returning not earlier than September 6 nor later than September 13, except that by depositing ticket with Joint Agent at Cincinnati on September 5, 6, 7, 8, or 9, and on payment of twenty-five cents, return limit may be extended so that passengers may remain at Cincinnati until October 2.

CRESCENT BICYCLES

are more largely used in this country than any other. **Crescent Bicycles** stand up and **Crescent Prices** are not cut. **Quality Unexcelled.**

Art Catalogue, with "Care of the Wheel," FREE.

Chicago WESTERN WHEEL WORKS New York

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos.

Caution.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine **SOHMER** Piano with one of a similar-sounding name of a cheap grade.

Our name spells—
S—O—H—M—E—R

New York Warerooms
SOHMER BUILDING
Fifth Ave., cor 22d St.

WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

The 31st of August of this year the young Queen of Holland will attain her majority. According to the Dutch Constitution a sovereign must have accomplished eighteen years before ascending the throne. As the little Queen first saw the light at six o'clock in the evening, it is at that hour that the regency of her mother will end, and that Wilhelmina will begin to reign over the united Netherlands.

Her first act will be to sign a decree, in which she will make an opportunity of thanking her mother officially for the devotion with which she has fulfilled the position of Regent and watched over herself and her education. That night there will be religious services in all the churches in Holland.

On Monday, the 5th of September, the two Queens will go from The Hague to Amsterdam, where they will be formally received at the Eastern Railway Station, and conducted to the Palais Roval in the Dam—the old palace which was formerly the Hôtel de Ville, but which was given by the city in the beginning of this century to Louis Napoleon, when he was King of Holland. For the escort of the two Queens there will be a guard of honor on horseback, one on foot, and there is talk of a guard of honor of women. All the towns in Holland will be draped with flags and beautifully decorated. And as Amsterdam is considered the Venice of the North, there will be Venetian fêtes at night and brilliant illuminations.

No foreign princes will be invited to the ceremony, which can scarcely be called a coronation, for the very good reason that in Holland two of the vital elements are lacking—a crown and a crowner. The Dutch speak of it as the *intronisation*, or the enthronement. Foreign princes are not asked, so I am told by the best authority on the inside of things at the Dutch court, for two reasons. First, it is feared that the German Emperor might cast a too preponderating shadow over the event. Next, all the courts which have aspirations towards the young Queen's hand would try to outvie each other in sending a handsome young man. From the same authority I learn that the Queen has decided not to marry for some years. She wishes first to have her people accustom themselves to seeing her upon the throne, and to keep the relation between her and them without any outside influence. When she does marry, her husband will be a prince-consort. Her wish is to make her accession to the throne an intimate fête between herself and her people. The princes under the suzerainty of Holland have asked permission to be present, and received it, such as the Sultan of Deli, the famous tobacco country, the Emperor of Solo, the Queen of Gowa.

On Tuesday morning, the 6th of September, the enthroning will take place. This is neither a religious nor a military nor a civil function. It is parliamentary, and is as republican in form as the inauguration of an American President at Washington. It is not yet decided whether the Queen will go on foot or by carriage from the Palais Royal to the New Church, where the ceremony will take place. Kings always go on foot. In the cortége is carried the regalia, which contains one thing entirely peculiar to Holland, and that is a copy of the Constitution, richly bound. It is upon this that the Queen takes the oath.

In the church she finds herself surrounded by her ministers, the dignitaries of state, governors of her provinces, etc. And in presence of the representatives of the States-General, one hundred members of the Second Chamber, eighty members of the First, she takes the oath as follows: "I swear to the Dutch people that I will always maintain and observe the Constitution of this country, that I will defend it with all my power, and will guard the independence of the territory of this country. That I will protect the general and individual rights of all my subjects, and will forward the general and special well-being by all the means that the law places at my disposition, as is the duty of a good king or queen."

Then the members of the States-General take the oath of fidelity, one by one, by holding up two fingers of the right hand. Even the ministers do not take the oath. It is a bond established between the Queen and her people in the person of their representatives.

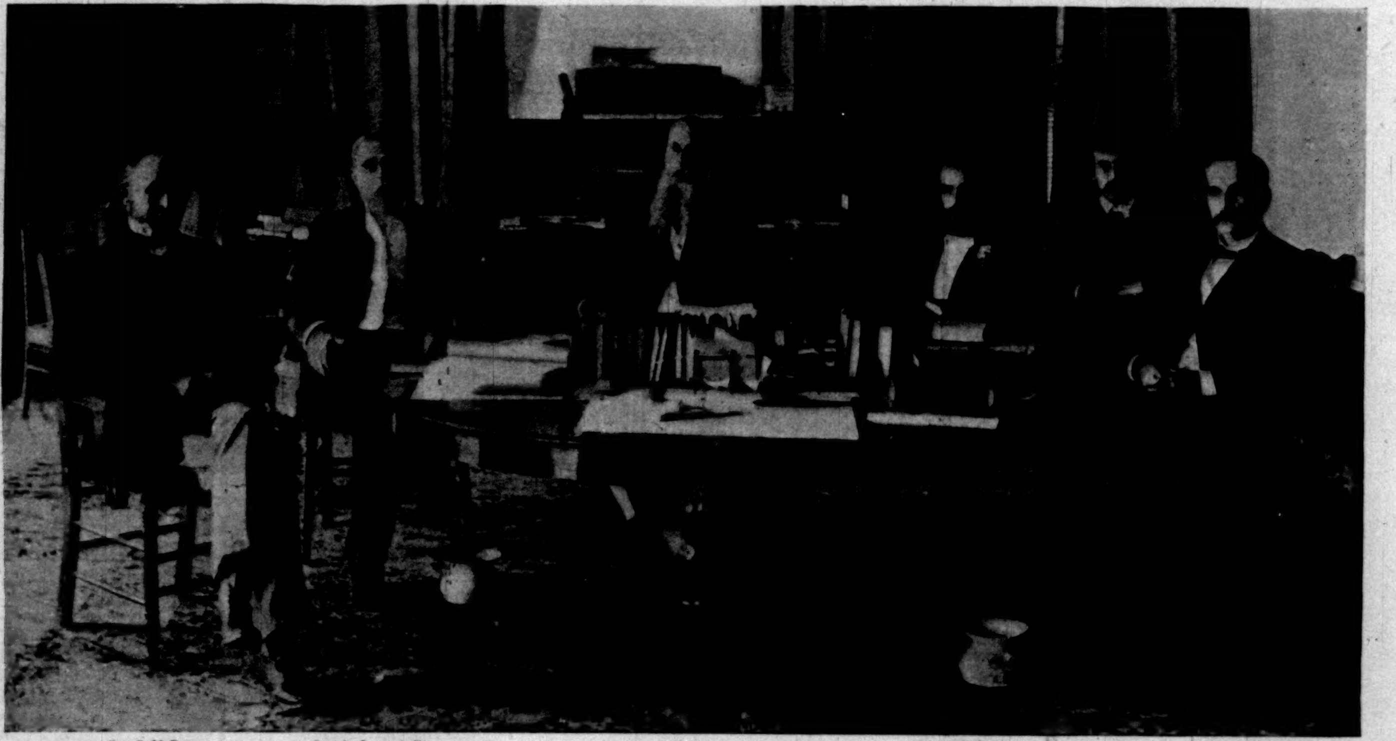
The following day there will be a military fête, at which it is probable the Queen will present flags to the regiments; and in the evening there will be a great maritime fête, in which flotillas from every commune in Holland will take part. This does not mean the Dutch navy alone, but every craft that lives on the Dutch canals, filled with groups of peasantry in the national costume of each town.

Holland is arranging for an exhibition of souvenirs of the house of Orange-Nassau during the coronation fêtes, and also for the most remarkable and complete exhibition of Rembrandt's works that has ever been made, for which Queen Victoria and many others have promised to lend their private collections. "We want to show the world," a distinguished Hollander said to me, "that while we find the house of Orange-Nassau interesting, we find our Rembrandt one of our national glories also, and, as we are republican in spirit, no less worthy of notice than our Queen."

A sum of money will be offered by the Dutch people to the Queen-Regent on her daughter's accession, as a token of sympathy and of gratitude, which she has signified her intention of devoting to the foundation of a charity or some useful enterprise. The Holland people also wished to make a present to the Queen, but her mother has published a statement that by mutual agreement between herself and Queen Wilhelmina the latter would accept nothing, feeling that she has as yet merited nothing.

EMMA, QUEEN-REGENT OF HOLLAND.

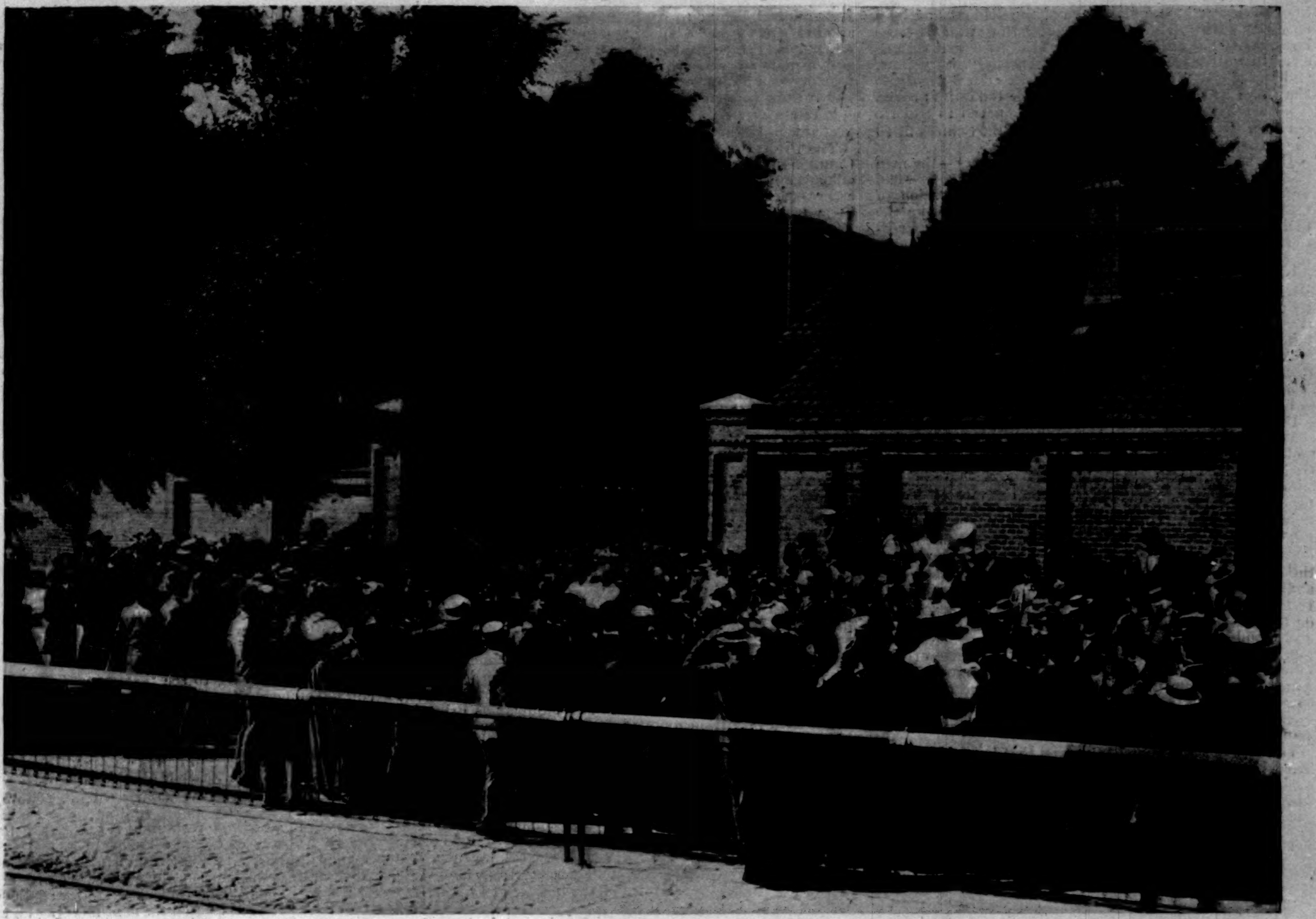
Paris, *August 18.* Allen Sergeant.



Hon. S. M. Damon, Minister of Finance. Captain James A. King, Minister of Interior. President Sanford B. Dole. Hon. H. E. Cooper, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Stenographer. Hon. W. O. Smith, Attorney-General.

THE LAST MEETING OF THE HAWAIIAN CABINET.

Copyright, 1898, by Davey, Honolulu, H. I.



THE BURIAL OF BISMARCK—CROWDS AT THE GATE OF THE SCHLOSS AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.

THE BURIAL OF BISMARCK.

BY JULIAN RALPH,

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

HAMBURG, *August 6.*

THE obsequies of the most extraordinary man since Napoleon, if not of the entire century, were as unconventional as had been his career. "I detest 'first-class funerals,'" he had said to Dr. Schweninger, as the two sat looking at the green hill crest on the edge of the forest opposite his house. "I want to be buried there, quietly. See that no fuss is made over me." He thought a moment, and then a gleam in his eye betokened a flash of the dry humor which always distinguished his speech. "At all events, I had a first-class funeral when I left Berlin nine years ago, and that is enough."

Prince Otto von Bismarck died on Saturday, July 30, at his Schloss in Friedrichsruh, in the Sachsenwald, seventeen miles from Hamburg. He had been very weak for months, but was actually ill only parts of a few days. He was so entirely without consciousness of what was coming that on the day before he died he gave his servant two new meerschaum pipes to color for him. His daughter and her husband, Count Rantzau, managed the Schloss for him, and she was at his side when the end came. His sons and his physician and intimate friend of fifteen years' standing—Dr. Schweninger—had gone their ways, and had to be telegraphed for. The last to return was the doctor, who only reached the Schloss in time to feel the final flutter of the Iron Chancellor's pulse.

Germany was as unprepared as the family—as the Prince himself. When the news went forth from the little post-office built in the wall of the Prince's grounds, the American newspapers, profiting by the difference in time, were the only ones in Christendom which acquainted their whole public with the disaster. In Germany Bismarck's personal organ, the Hamburger *Nachrichten*, got out an "extra," but for the most part the news leaked weakly from the railway telegraph-operators at all the stations in the empire. Bidden by HARPER'S WEEKLY and by a London newspaper editor to attend the formal burial before the Emperor, I hastened to Germany, expecting, as every one did, to see the Emperor assume charge of the affair, and make of it a demonstration in one stroke of the grief and of the majesty of Germania. In all the world there lives no man who could have arranged a more gigantic and impressive spectacle than could William II. with the body of the empire-builder as the basis and his vast army as the superstructure. But he was to be thwarted—at this distance the whole truth should be made clear—and there was to be no grand spectacle, no burial at all.

On Monday night, as the Emperor was on his way from Norway and I was making sixty miles an hour through Germany, there seemed no chance but that at least two days must pass before formal expression could be given to Germany's grief; and yet, when Hamburg was reached on Tuesday morning, I was told, "The funeral takes place to-day; perhaps even now it is over." It did take place that day, but not until evening, when the Emperor was able to reach the side of the closed coffin.

After the stroke of death had fallen, Dr. Schweninger embalmed the body with his own hands, and laid it back upon the death-bed in the position in which he had scores of times seen the Man of Blood and Iron lie when asleep. He put the right arm out, with the hand over the edge of the bed; the face and head inclined toward the right shoulder; the left arm a little apart from the body. In the left hand he put four roses—a white one of his own choice, and three dark ones, such as the great Bismarck loved. "Dark roses suit a man of my years best," he used to say. These, in this case, were the gift of an elderly Austrian noblewoman, who idolized the Prince, and had hastened to Friedrichsruh at the first warning that he was ill. Thus the Prince was seen by her, by Lenbach the famous painter, by Eugen Wolf the traveller, by Mr. Sidney Whitman, and by two or three other close personal friends. Including the family, not twenty-four persons saw the maker of modern Germany after he died. These only saw a plain small wooden bed, a chair, a table upon which rested a slight present sent to the Prince by a foreign monarch, and four bare walls.

On Monday night the body was lifted into a metal coffin fitted into an enormous oaken box, whose sides were blackened and decked with four heavy silver handles. The body was dressed in a linen night-shirt, and around the neck was folded a thin white cloth, such as he always wore in later years. The roses remained in the left hand. Those who were privileged to see the Prince noticed more than ever before how small was the well-rounded head in proportion to the gigantic frame of which it was the capital. The face was thin and aged, but the expression was peaceful. After thirty years' suffering from facial neuralgia, and two decades of familiarity with the gout, no trace of pain or of the agony that he suffered just before death was left upon the rugged, heavily lined face which had inspired his always poetic fellow-countrymen to speak of him as "an oak." At the moment they were everywhere repeating the phrase "the most splendid oak in the German forest has fallen."

The bed, the chair, and the table were taken from the room, and the enormous coffin was moved to where the bed had stood, in order that the Prince's body might lie precisely where death had come upon him. So it lies now, and will until a vault in the foundations of the mausoleum Prince Herbert Bismarck is to build upon the soft round hill in front of the house is ready to receive it. The walls of the room were covered with black cloth, the windows were coated over with the same cloth, and a pall of thin black stuff was flung over the coffin, so that it fell in folds upon the floor. It is so thin that the silver handles gleam through it. On the coffin was put a floral wreath from Prince Herbert, and another whose streamers of silk bore the words, "From Bill and Sybille"—Count William Bismarck and his wife.

On the morning of Tuesday, August 2, the family gathered in the sombre chamber to take the communion, with Pastor Westphal of the near-by village of Brunstorf officiating. Those who attended this simple service were Prince Herbert and the Princess; Count William, the Countess, and their children; the Baroness von Arnim, sister of the ex-Chancellor, and her daughter, the Baroness von Kotze. The heavy lid of the coffin was even then screwed down. Prince Hohenlohe had come the night before, and had been told that, owing to the incomplete effectiveness of the embalming, it had been impossible to leave the casket open any longer.

Already as I passed through Hamburg that morning I found that souvenir post-cards of Prince Bismarck were in all the shop windows, and being offered on the street corners in numbers like the leaves of Vallombrosa. And in the windows of certain fashionable shops were gigantic wreaths of the laurel and palm, with which the Germans love to typify death, or of cypress and palm and roses and lilies. Each had hanging from it a pair of long broad ribbons, white or black, bearing in gold a motto, and the name of some mourning guild or society. I did not dream—no man who had only the past to go by could dream—what a multitude of these wreaths I was to see. There never was in the history of grief such a downpour of symbols of that kind, such a despoiling of the gardens and hot-houses of an empire for the heaping of a nation's tribute upon the bier of its people's idol.

I found Friedrichsruh a mere railway station in a wooded country-side. Despite the lavish generosity of nature, it is not given to man to enjoy in many places a scene so beautiful as this hamlet presents. The country is undulating, and all broken with alternate patches of cool dark green forest and of brilliant sunlit meadows. One might look for a suggestion of the same combination beside Lake Champlain, but our newer country has no farm-land quite so soft and parklike, no forests quite so clean and orderly. There is no house to be seen except the Prince's Schloss as you stand on the railway station platform, but on the day of the funeral ceremony before the Emperor the uttermost quiet and restfulness of the place was slightly jarred by a line of men and women seated on the grassy hill overlooking the Schloss, by a

PRINCE HERBERT BISMARCK.

knot of idlers before the gates of the Schloss, and by a string of seated figures on a neighboring wall of loose bowlders. The officers and men of the Bismarck Cuirassiers, in uniforms of white flannel braided with yellow, and wearing shining steel helmets, lent added beauty to the place as they strode in and out of the quiet groves. The two privates of the 31st Foot who paced to and fro between the inner and the outer gates of the Schloss fitted the occasion if not the scene.

How strange it seemed to find that Bismarck—the man of force and action, of war and of resistless energy—had been for years resting in this over-peaceful region of forest quiet, with only the sighing trees to strike the plaintive note of the place, except when a three-hundred-ton express to or from Berlin thundered past, not twenty feet from his gates, at the foot of the hill on which he asked to be buried! By the kindness of Prince Herbert I went into the place of death, and found the Schloss to be not at all what the word castle suggests, but a large many-windowed house with stucco walls, which had been built for a watering-place hotel, and now having its conventional garden, its pond and sluggish brook, and its few acres of open field enclosed within a high brick wall. A modern place to the last degree—utilitarian, frail, and not especially pretty.

I looked for the hotels of which I had heard, and so came upon scenes most strange to American eyes. Though no houses were in sight, there were hotels, and they were buried in the woods. They were small wooden taverns, whose activities flowed beyond their walls into acres of forest converted into beer-gardens. And these were crowded by hundreds upon hundreds of people, all drinking beer and eating. They were so orderly that one heard not a sound, until he climbed a knoll or turned a corner, and found himself confronting the rows of tables under the trees, and the groups of men and women plying knives and forks and draining metal-topped glass tankards. To be under the shock of the blow of a gigantic stroke of death, and then to find the mourners all eating and drinking, smoking and idling, in the very presence of the Leveller, was a trial to foreign sensibilities; and yet, an hour later, I wrote in my note-book these words, "They dare any people to question the depth and sincerity of their grief." As a sage has said, "In other lands, other manners."

The Kaiser telegraphed from Kiel that he would reach Friedrichsruh at six o'clock in the evening, and the funeral ceremony was set for that hour. By four o'clock telegrams to the Emperor began to collect in the railway telegraph office, and at the same time the crowds deserted the beer-gardens and reassembled before the Schloss gates, in the narrow space between them and the railway. At half past five o'clock two extra-large locomotives coupled together rushed up to the station, having been sent in advance of the imperial train to feel the way for it, and to take the blow in case the rails had been tampered with by murderous hands. Thus are all monarchs guarded when they travel in these days.

The iron outer gates of the Schloss were flung open, and so were the inner wooden gates. The men of the 31st Foot were formed in a double line to separate the crowd and wall it apart before the gates. Servants in the green forester livery of the dead Prince came pushing a huge roll of red carpet, which, when spread out, reached from the Schloss to the nearest rail of the railroad track. The crowd looked over the shoulders of the infantrymen, between their brass helmets, and saw the yellow front of the Schloss, the broad curving gravel road, the neatly edged lawns, and trees and bronze ornaments, the many windows, and the yellow and white cuirassiers before the front door.

"Where are the big dogs of our Bismarck?" a woman asked.

"The last of them all died two months ago," a soldier replied. "He might have known what was coming."

"Silence!" cried one of the dandified officers with upcurled yellow mustache who walked, clanking his sword, in the clear roadway between the guards.

Presently the Emperor's train came up and stopped, then started and crawled twenty feet to bring the steps of the imperial saloon-car to the end of the red carpet. We Americans have finer cars than his, for the interiors were comfortable rather than ornate; but no American rides, as he rode to Friedrichsruh, in a train of nine such cars. All were alike externally—blue below the windows and white beside them, with a crown of gold on each door, and the Prussian arms on each end of each side. The train was almost 600 feet in length, was drawn by two heavy engines, and was so well built, so heavy, and so well handled that it slipped almost noiselessly up to its halting-place and stopped without a jolt. We all saw the Emperor in cocked naval hat standing behind a plate-glass window of his saloon-carriage, beside his wife, with his left hand resting on the handle of his sword. He looked as a man does who is being photographed.

The crowd began to push against the soldiers. The officers ordered the guard-line kept even and straight. I saw a beaming rosy-faced girl with her chin on the shoulder of the infantryman in front of her, whispering nonsense in his ear, and he was grinning with pleasure and rolling his eyes at her. The crowd kept pushing. "Use force!" shouted one of the officers. Then the soldiers pushed mightily to straighten the line, and I saw the private who had been flirting double his body and dash it against the maiden, not once or twice, but many times, until she cried with pain and fright.

Now there came from the castle Prince Herbert, tall and stalwart and handsome, with the beauty of an uncommon intellectuality; Count William, stout and round and bald; and Count Rantzau, pale and undistinguished-looking. The Prince wore evening dress, without one of his very many decorations. Count William was in the cocked hat and court dress of his office as president of Königsberg. The Empress, all in black, beautiful with the appearance of greater youth than she possesses, and with a matronly glory about her, came down the steps of the car, to be welcomed by Count William Bismarck. The Kaiser followed—a man of medium stature, showing a little stoutness, sunburnt the color of a pale Indian, proud, cold, acutely watchful of all around him. He wore a beaver chapeau with very broad gold braid and the dark blue suit of an admiral. His mustachios were turned toward his eyes. His left hand rested on his sword handle as if it had been stitched to it. He waited until Count William had finished his address to the Kaiserin and had come forward and begun to speak to him. The Count made another short speech, and then the imperial pair were greeted by Prince Herbert, who bowed low before them, and, at the end, shook hands with both. Then all came together in a group for an instant.

"It came suddenly," said the Kaiser.

"Yes; we were unprepared," said the Prince. "We expected it in the autumn, but not at midsummer, like this."

The Prince led the Kaiserin; the Kaiser walked beside Count William. Out of the imperial carriages came many officials and civil functionaries in evening dress, with glittering orders hanging from their collars and sashes across them from shoulder to waist. The leader of these was Herr von Bülow, the Foreign Secretary. All passed into the death-chamber. Until that time it had been heaped with wreaths and flowers—littered with them—on the coffin, the floor, and against the walls. Now these had been removed, and twenty-one chairs had been arranged at one side of the chamber opposite the coffin. Only the ladies used the chairs. The men stood throughout the half-hour's service.

The Emperor walked over to the closed coffin, and bending his head, offered silent prayer. The Empress wept. As the Emperor continued to stand after all were in the room, the men followed his example. Pastor Westphal asked that one of Luther's majestic chorals be sung, and this was done by all, without instrumental accompaniment. Then Pastor Westphal delivered a short address, at one part of which, as if unmindful of the Emperor's presence, he spoke of the Iron Chancellor's fearlessness before men. "He was fearless in their presence," he said, "because his belief in the will of God made him firm and unbending once he knew he was right." At the end of the address a hymn was sung, and then the mourners passed out of the presence of death. The Empress was still weeping gently, and Bismarck's old valet, Pillow, was sobbing audibly. The Kaiserin nudged the Emperor's arm. "William," said she, "there is the Prince's aged sister." To her the Kaiser went, and warmly grasped her hand. He then shook hands with Pillow, whom he had known from his boyhood. He asked to be shown the floral tributes, and expressed amazement at their size and cost and numbers as Prince Herbert led him from room to room on the ground-floor, which was literally heaped with these tributes. At the gate the Emperor kissed Prince Herbert on both sides of his face, and shook the hands of the others and of the officer in command of the cuirassiers. We saw Prince Bismarck assisting the Empress into the saloon-carriage, and then for perhaps two minutes we could see the Kaiser standing by her side in the military attitude of one who is saluting. Now and then his right hand went up to the peak of his cocked hat. Then the train moved softly away, and the obsequies of the builder of Imperial Germany were over.

I remained two days at Friedrichsruh, and during all that time, by night as well as day, wreaths kept coming to the station in van-loads. Each one was boxed in a packing-case, and some of these were eight feet long and nearly as wide. One wreath took up the body of a barouche. All day and far into the night these were hauled into the garden of the castle, until it too was burdened with them like the castle itself. They lay all over the lawns, against all the trees and ornaments—everywhere, on every side. There were thousands of them, all huge circlets of palms and flowers or cypress and flowers, and always with long silken ribbons bearing a motto and the names of the senders. They came from sovereigns, princes, parliaments, councils, states, towns, German colonies, clubs, societies, from Li Hung-Chang, even from the Empress Frederick. In-doors the furniture of the great ground-floor rooms was submerged beneath them.

A FIELD FANCY.

The asters in the orchard nod
Serenely to and fro,
As does the flossy golden-rod
Whene'er the breezes blow.

I know that where the zephyrs stray,
They're acting all the time
Along the dreamy meadow-way
A fairy pantomime.

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE HOSPITAL-SHIP "OLIVETTE."

[Special Correspondence of "Harper's Weekly."]

For some days prior to the departure of this vessel from Santiago she lay in that port taking on board sick soldiers. On the afternoon of the 15th of August the last men from the Nautical Hospital were received, and the *Olivette* started for Hampton Roads, to report from there to Washington, and receive further instructions as to what course to pursue.

To the men who had been on board several days, waiting for the *Olivette* to leave, the news carried from bunk to bunk that the ship had actually left her dock and was bound to the cooler, life-giving breezes of the North was good news indeed. It revived the spirits of the sick, who through many days of fever in camp and in hospital, in the rain, the mud, and the sun, had looked forward to the day when they would start for home as the beginning of the end of their misery.

It was hard to realize that 200 sick men were on board the *Olivette*. There was a silence along her almost deserted decks that was broken by moans from the cabin behind you, and as you glanced through the windows that opened at your side, there was a sad sight of wasted forms, gaunt faces, and shrunken arms and feet. Every berth was full. Every room had two occupants, and in corners stood rifles, and on the floor were canteens, clothes, and worn army accoutrements.

The surgeon in charge of the vessel and his three assistants got matters in good running order by the second day out. Their work was hardest in the beginning, and then it was arduous indeed—the patients required unremitting attention, and there was a woful lack of nurses. Some of the few were taken sick, and the available force much cut down thereby. They worked on twelve-hour stretches, and at one time there were but four nurses in attendance on 200 men. As most of the patients had to have their food brought to them during the first days, and as there was a continual dearth of dishes upon which to serve it, some of them suffered in this respect. But as the vessel progressed northward and the majority of patients improved steadily, the dining-room was more crowded day by day, nurses recovered, convalescents were found who were willing and able to help, and the situation became easier.

There were eight deaths on the ship from Santiago to Montauk. They were all buried at sea. At the first burial the men leaned over the rail as the vessel slowed down, wondering what had occurred to stop them in mid-ocean. But the splash of the iron and the flash of the white-shrouded figure from the open port told the tale to the curious who lined the rail. As the screw took the water again there was no comment on deck. Afterward men knew what one bell in the engine-room, and the following quiet from the vibrating machinery, did mean. One boy had a home letter stuck in the pocket of his flannel shirt. It was plainly signed, "Your loving mother." The Episcopal service for burial at sea was read in each case.

At Hampton Roads the *Olivette* reported by telegraph to Washington, and, anchored in front of the two hotels, we awaited orders. The doctors here requisitioned milk and brandy from shore, two very necessary stimulants, and which were not supplied. This was Friday, the 19th. At six that evening orders, signed Sternberg, to report to the Montauk quarantine station were received, and at daybreak of Sunday, the 21st, the *Olivette* passed Montauk light and anchored off Camp Wikoff. On this run the men were in better physical condition than at any time on the trip. The cool air invigorated them, the hope of getting ashore buoyed their spirits. The quarantine examiners at Montauk found no contagion on the vessel, complimented the officers in charge on her clean condition throughout, and unofficially said they were through with her. Men on board hopefully scanned the sandy shore and the new tents, and longed for the tug that would bring them landing orders. It was somewhat discouraging to see that ships anchored here several days ahead of us still had their troops on board. But perhaps they held contagion, we argued; our vessel was clean. All day long the convalescents waited on deck. War stories were told again and again to different groups; it was talk of San Juan and Caney, the trenches, the first day's fighting, of what men would do when their sick leave came, and the everlasting subject of things to eat—something to be had in a farm-house one man knew of, or a dish in a Chicago restaurant for twenty cents.

Late that afternoon orders came again from Washington, signed Sternberg, telling the *Olivette* to nurse her sick on board until such time as Colonel Forwood at Montauk could receive them. This order was followed by word from Colonel Forwood that on the next morning he would send out for thirty of our ship's patients. Monday morning brought no boat to carry these thirty men ashore, but at ten o'clock we were approached by an immaculate quarantine tender, with immaculate officers on board, who inquired, through a megaphone, if we had sufficient coal and provisions to go to Boston. We replied we had enough coal, but lacked certain provisions, which we enumerated. "We will send them out in an hour, with your orders to proceed to Boston," we were answered.

"I wonder why they brought us to Montauk, anyway?" said a lean soldier who could not get his lips over his yellow teeth—fever treats a man's face that way. "I wasn't stuck on looking at their sand hills."

"If we stay by the old *Olivette* we'll learn the whole Atlantic coast; Portsmouth and Halifax next stops; land what's left of us in Labrador," said another.

All day long we waited for a barrel of potatoes, two quarters of beef, eggs, and a little milk and brandy to give to the dying, who could retain no other nourishment, and which had been requisitioned Sunday morning the instant we made port, and which we had asked for again Monday. At ten minutes of five in the afternoon we had all our stores, excepting the milk, on board, also orders to proceed to Boston and send our sick to the city hospitals. We weighed anchor at five. At eight o'clock on Tuesday morning we were at the Boston quarantine station. We showed a clean bill of health from the Montauk authorities. The Boston men asked us to remain at anchor until final hospital arrangements were completed and it was decided where best to dock our vessel. As we waited, the same familiar condition of waiting, we were saluted with music, cheers, tears from women, and fluttering white from every excursion-boat that knew we were in the harbor. At eleven o'clock we were told everything was ready to receive our sick, and we steamed to Lewis's wharves. Boston had everything prepared—ambulances, doctors, nurses. The vociferous cheering crowds were held properly in check by the police, and the sick of the *Olivette* can be thankful they did get to Boston, instead of being landed at the improvised hospitals at Montauk Point.

They are getting the best of attention at this city's hospitals, and the wandering voyage is at an end. They are getting proper stimulants and nourishment, good nursing, and quiet. All of which they would have had just forty-eight hours sooner if we had not visited Montauk, which could have been avoided if somebody had known that Montauk could not or would not receive us, and that Boston would and could do so thoroughly well. Likewise, we probably would not have buried a man off Cape Cod, and fewer men would have gone ashore on stretchers, and those who did would have been in a better condition.

Lieutenant William Tiffany, of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry, died in Boston two days after the *Olivette* arrived there. The cause is stated as fever and starvation. "By starvation, I mean from the medical standpoint. I do not mean to say that he did not have food, but that he did not have food suitable to the condition of a convalescent."

It cannot be stated that the delay caused Mr. Tiffany's death, but it is assuredly a fact that if Mr. Tiffany had received proper food and care forty-eight hours sooner than he did he would have had a better chance for life.

Really there was no reason for our stopping at Montauk. We did get the brandy we had asked for at Hampton Roads, but we did not get the milk we wanted to strengthen dying men, and Boston had both brandy *and* milk. There was no sense whatever in going to Montauk; it made Boston forty-eight hours later.

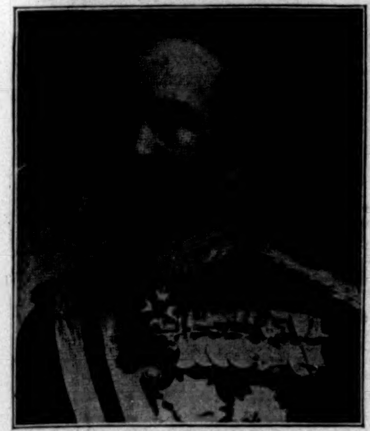
Harold Martin.

ARE YOU WORN OUT?
THEN TRY
VIN MARIANI
MARIANI WINE--The Famous Tonic for Body and Brain.

Mariani Wine gives power to the brain, strength and elasticity to the muscles and richness to the blood. It is a promoter of good health and longevity.

Mariani Wine is endorsed by more than 8,000 American physicians. It is specially indicated for General Debility, Overwork, Profound Depression and Exhaustion, Throat and Lung Diseases, Consumption and Malaria.

General, Sir Evelyn Wood.



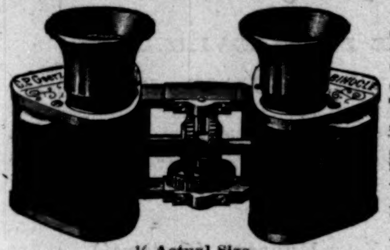
"Regarding the infantry marching in the recent manoeuvres, it was the best seen during my command at Aldershot. Many officers availed themselves of the tonic and reconstituent properties of the well-known Mariani Wine, the most certain as well as the most palatable method of inducing resistance to fatigue."
From "The London Sketch."

Mariani Wine is invaluable for overworked men, delicate women and sickly children. It soothes, strengthens and sustains the system, and braces body and brain.

To those who will kindly write to MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th Street, New York City, will be sent, free, book containing portraits with endorsements of Emperors, Empress, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops and other interesting matter. Mention this publication.

Paris—41 Boulevard Haussmann; London—83 Mortimer Street; Montreal—28–30 Hospital St.

WONDERFUL TRIËDER BINOCULARS



½ Actual Size.
Prices Range from $44.50 to $72.50.
C. P. GOERZ, 52 Union Sq. (East), N. Y. City

Have 8 to 10 times the power of the best of the old-style field and opera glasses.

Pocket size—invaluable for Army and Navy, War Correspondents, Race Meets, Regattas, Travel, and the Theatre.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue. For sale by leading jewelers and opticians throughout the United States. Among them:
New York—Theodore B. Starr, F. G. Schmidt, Gall & Lembke.
Brooklyn—J. B. Hoecker, 318 Fulton St.
Chicago—C. D. Peacock, Spaulding & Co., Hyman, Berg & Co., N. Watry, H. Borsch.
Philadelphia—Queen & Co., Bonschur & Holmes, Williams, Brown & Earle.
Washington—Franklin & Co., Moore & Leding, D. N. Walford.
Boston—Pinkham & Smith.
St. Louis—A. S. Aloe Co., Erker Bros.
San Francisco—Hirsch & Kayser, Henry Kahn & Co., Geo. H. Kahn.

GOLDEN AGE
HITS THE MARK EVERY TIME
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED

What Is It?
Why, the most delicious and exquisite
Natural Champagne
Fermented in the bottle. Excels in health-giving properties. Ask your dealer for it, or address
The New Hammondsport Wine Co.
Hammondsport, N. Y.

To more thoroughly introduce our productions, we will deliver at any point in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains having an express office, one assorted case containing twelve bottles as follows: One pint each of Golden Age, Beef Iron and Wine, and Cognac Process Brandy, and nine quart bottles of assorted Still Wines, making 1 doz. varieties, on receipt of address accompanied with $6.00.

A NEW POCO.
The Folding Gem.
The neatest, smallest, most carefully built of all the low-priced cameras. A marvel of compactness weighing one pound, and only an inch and a-half thick, closed. Automatically locks itself at proper focusing distance. Closes by touching a spring.
TAKES A PICTURE 4 X 5
As perfect at edges as at centre.
COMPLETE, $7.00.
ROCHESTER CAMERA CO.
43 ELIZABETH ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SMITH & WESSON
REVOLVERS.
TWELVE DIFFERENT STYLES.
ONLY ONE QUALITY.
Catalogue free.
Smith & Wesson,
15 Stockbridge St.,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Financial

Letters of Credit.
Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.
Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, NO. 59 WALL STREET.

GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD

Low-Rate Personally-Conducted Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The recent triumphs of our arms by sea and land revives the interest in that greatest of all American battlefields, Gettysburg. In order that the residents of New York, Philadelphia, and neighboring cities may visit this great battlefield in the most satisfactory manner, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for a three-day personally conducted tour on Saturday, September 3.

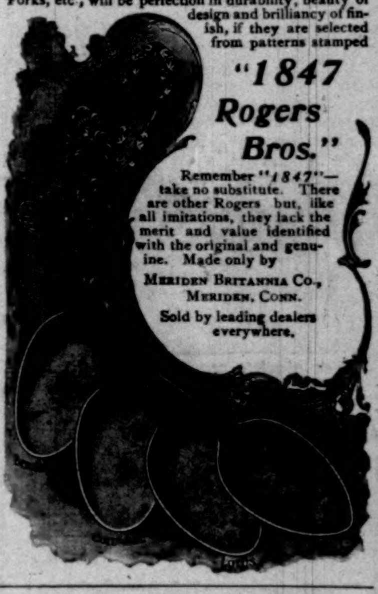
			RATE.
Leave	New York	8.50 A.M.	$13 00
"	Trenton	10.58 "	11 50
"	Philadelphia	12.20 P.M.	9 00

Proportionate rates from other points.

Rate includes transportation in each direction, dinner at Philadelphia going and returning to passengers from New York and Trenton, one and three-fourths days' hotel accommodations, and carriage drive over the entire battlefield under the direction of Capt. James T. Long, the celebrated guide, who will describe the battle at the prominent points of the field. A tourist agent and chaperon will accompany the party. A Pullman parlor-car will be run through from Philadelphia to Gettysburg and return.

For itineraries, tickets, and full information apply to nearest ticket agent; Tourist Agents, 1196 Broadway, New York, and 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

"Silver Plate that Wears."
Your Spoons
Forks, etc., will be perfection in durability, beauty of design and brilliancy of finish, if they are selected from patterns stamped



"1847 Rogers Bros."
Remember *"1847"*—take no substitute. There are other Rogers but, like all imitations, they lack the merit and value identified with the original and genuine. Made only by
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
MERIDEN, CONN.
Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

CHEW
Beeman's
The Original
Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

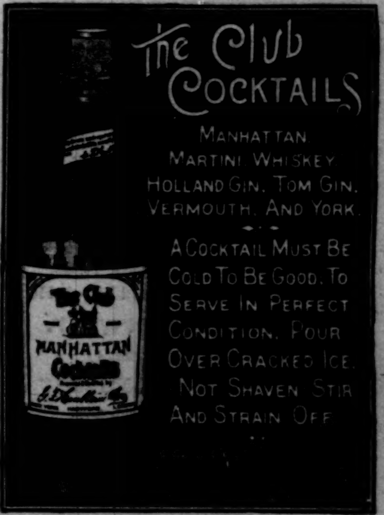
MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.
HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.

When you buy
all tobacco cigarettes insist on having
the best quality
the best made
the best value
the best smoke.
you can get all these in the popular
Van Bibber Little Cigars
They are made of the finest quality of imported whole leaf tobacco — are made as perfectly as any cigar in the world — burn evenly -- do not bite the tongue, and are always the same.
25c. for 10.
H. ELLIS & Co., Baltimore, Md.
The American Tobacco Co., Successor

The Morritt
25 cts.
H.C.CURTIS & CO. TROY.N.Y.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak

Half the charm of a photographic outing is lost if one carries along several pounds of glass plates and holders and has every moment filled with anxiety for their safety.
Kodaks
use non-breakable film cartridges, which weigh ounces where plates weigh pounds.
KODAKS $5.00 to $35.00.
Catalogues free at agencies or by mail.
EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.


The Club Cocktails
MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN, VERMOUTH, AND YORK.
A COCKTAIL MUST BE COLD TO BE GOOD. TO SERVE IN PERFECT CONDITION, POUR OVER CRACKED ICE, NOT SHAVEN, STIR AND STRAIN OFF.
The Club Manhattan Cocktails

HARPER'S PERIODICALS
MAGAZINE, $4 00 a year.
BAZAR, - - $4 00 a year.
WEEKLY, 4 00 a year.
LITERATURE, 4 00 a year.
ROUND TABLE, $1 00 a year.